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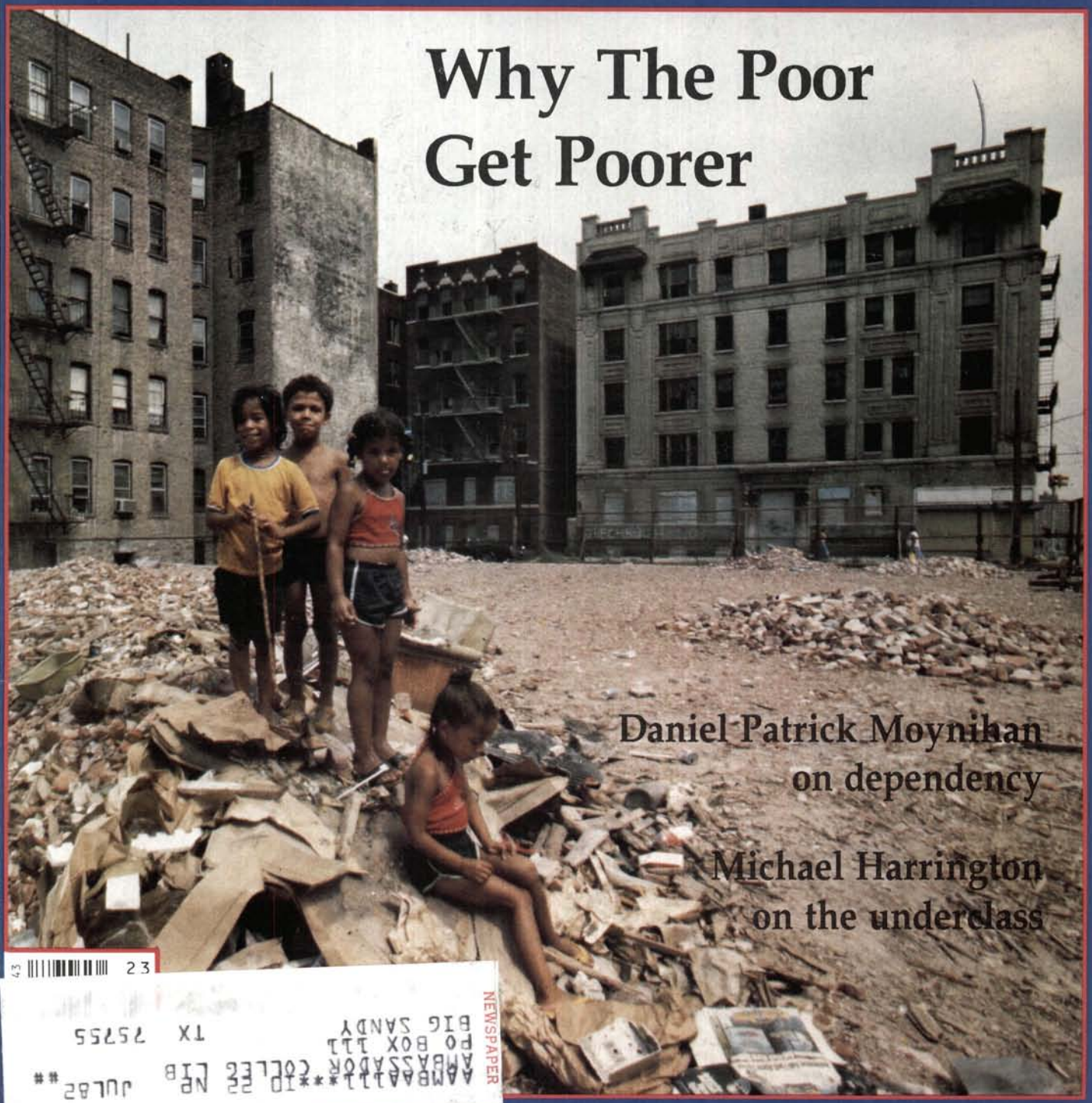

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NUCLEAR FALLOUT

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's article, "How to Prevent Nuclear War" (TNR, April 28), is an articulate restatement of the Administration's position: that the Russians are ahead of us in nuclear weapons, so we must modernize our nuclear arsenal and cannot afford to declare a "no-first-use" policy. Although government spokesmen say that this decision is based upon classified information to which the ordinary citizen is not privy, there in fact does exist enough data in such places as the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, the *Defense Monitor*, and the publications of the Union of Concerned Scientists for there to be an informed debate rather than either uncritical acceptance or a clash of journalistic rhetoric. Since Mr. Krauthammer has access to the same information as any informed citizen, I am interested in his response to the following.

The Administration explains its push for a "modernization" of our nuclear arsenal because "the Russians could absorb our retaliatory blow and hit us again." Two "worst case" scenarios are either an all-out nuclear attack by a future irrational Russian leadership (in which case nothing anyone does will avert a nuclear holocaust), or, more likely, a so-called "surgical strike" designed to knock out our 1,052 land-based ICBMs, rendering us incapable of an adequate retaliation with our remaining submarine-based missiles and bomber force. In this case the President might be forced to surrender, choosing the loss of 2 million to 20 million lives over an all-out nuclear exchange. The difficulty with this scenario is that it is unrealistic according to scores of military and defense experts (such as Scoville, Warnke, Schlesinger) working *outside* the government. These experts maintain that the massive uncertainty surrounding effects of a first strike, with weapons that have never been tested in action, makes prediction extremely hazardous. A rational Russian leadership would know this and realize the probability that enough of our land-based ICBM force would survive to deliver an effective retaliatory blow and inflict unacceptable levels of damage. Further, the U.S. and Russia now have rough parity, so the proposed modernization program would actually reduce security by increasing the risk of a "fire on warning" situation when a new generation of weapons has been put into place. Finally, these experts suggest we would be perceived as working toward a first-strike capacity. Since the Russians would follow our lead, as they always have, escalation is assured with no end in sight except disaster.

A no-first-use policy implies that the U.S. and NATO would not use nuclear weapons in response to a Russian land assault on Western Europe. It is quickly discounted by Mr. Krauthammer without mention of the several military analyses (by such men as Richard Garwin, working with the Union of Concerned Scientists) that indicate U.S. NATO defenses could be maintained without resort to nuclear weapons. This point is crucial, for few believe (though they may proclaim it publicly) that a theater nuclear exchange could be contained within bounds. Instead, escalation to disaster would occur.

Finally, I wonder why Mr. Krauthammer took such effort to refute *The Fate of the Earth*, to which he refers as the bible of the antinuclear movement. Are we embarking on a religious crusade? I hope not. I hope that instead journals like THE NEW REPUBLIC will provide its readers with the informed debate to which they are entitled on this most crucial issue of our times.

RICHARD EVANS, M.D.
Tarrytown, New York

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer has written a stringent essay in which his conclusions depend upon the logic of nuclear deterrence. His authority lies in the fact that, so far, "the balance of terror" has held. But in the future, the human species will have to deal with factors increasingly beyond the control of a logical deterrence system.

Doesn't the constant increase in the number of weapons correspondingly increase the chances of nuclear accident? Is there not, for example, an almost computable moment at which a nuclear trigger will come under the thumb of a demented submarine captain? And how will the logical "balance of terror" fare when nuclear weapons and delivery systems proliferate into the hands of every small nation that can buy or blackmail their possession?

Admittedly, the renewed antinuclear movement operates without the logical precision of Mr. Krauthammer's assumptions. But it is responding to irrational eventualities which he does not address.

JEREMY LARNER
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

Freeze advocates are not as naive and emotional as Charles Krauthammer believes, and do *not* ignore the requirements of deterrence. We have sufficient survivable deterrents right now.

Mr. Krauthammer describes the three legs of our triad. He says: "The U.S. land-based missile force will soon become vulnerable to a first strike." That implies that it is not vulnerable right now (and the experts agree on this), so the sooner the freeze the better. But even if land-based missiles *were* vulnerable, we are lucky that we have only 25 percent of our strategic warheads based on land, while the Soviets have 75 percent. They, too, are worrying. In any case, a certain percentage of our ICBMs would survive. We would be even safer if we removed them, since they are becoming obsolete; that way, we would eliminate an attractive target.

Mr. Krauthammer says that a freeze would eliminate the B-1 or stealth bombers, "which would be better able to elude destruction on the ground." How? Everyone knows where our air bases are. True, the B-1 would have better penetration than the B-52, but again, a large percentage of B-52s would survive.

Mr. Krauthammer dismisses these two legs as if they were useless, and says: "That leaves the submarine force." Yes, the Trident is quieter and has a longer range. But the Polaris and Poseidon are quiet enough, and they are invulnerable for decades. The fact is that only two Poseidons can destroy more than three hundred Soviet cities. What multiplier of this deterrent would Mr. Krauthammer find adequate?

Mr. Krauthammer says that a mutual freeze would be a complex negotiation and difficult to verify. No more so than any other arms control agreement.

I agree with him that we should ratify SALT II at once. But this does not exclude

continued on page 4

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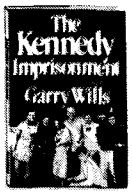

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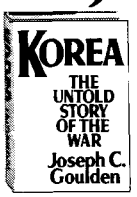

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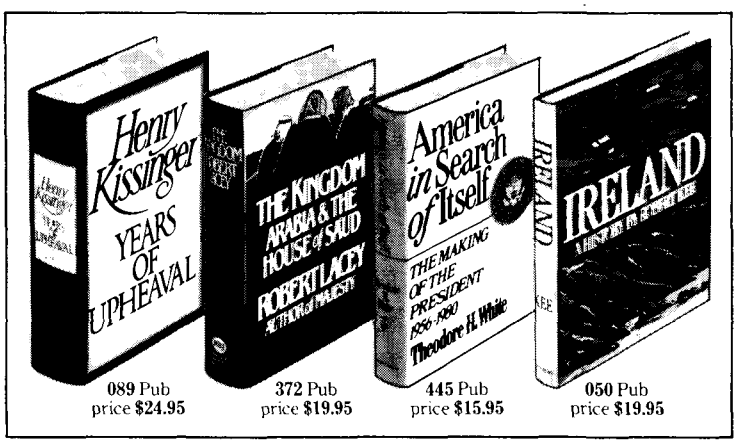

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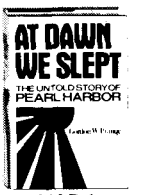

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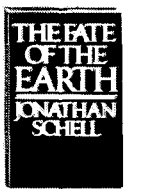

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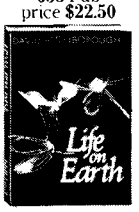

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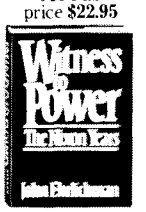

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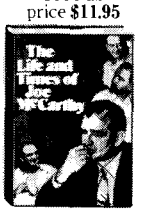

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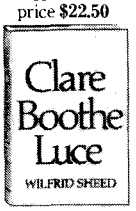

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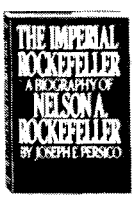

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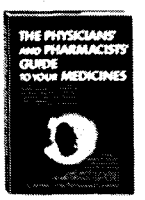

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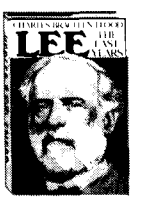

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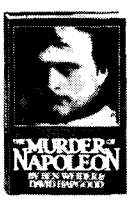

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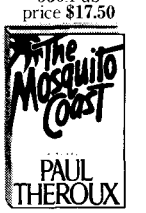

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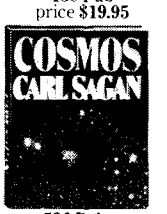

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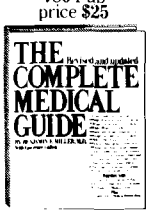

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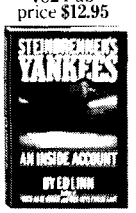

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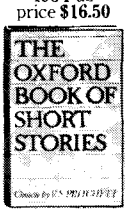

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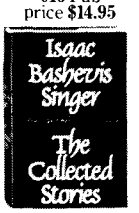

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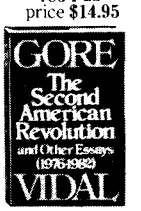

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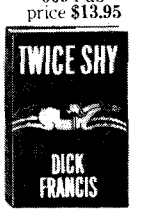

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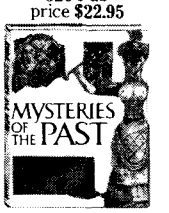

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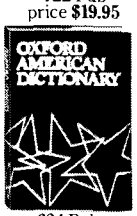

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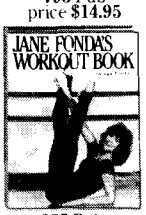

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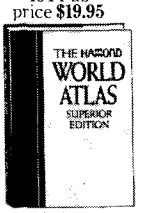

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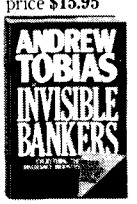

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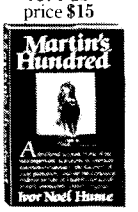

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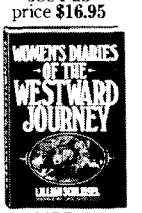

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proceeding from there to negotiate a freeze in order to stabilize the situation, while we continue to try to negotiate reductions. A freeze does not "delay" arms control, as Mr. Krauthammer says. Rather, it is a step in the direction of arms control.

HELEN EDEY, M.D.
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

To the editors:

As a long-time journalist and author of the "Nation's Safety and Arms Control" back in the 1960s, may I fling my hat in the air and jump up and down and cheer over Charles Krauthammer's piece on "The Real Way to Prevent War." I have rarely seen the complexities of the various arguments so clearly grasped and so forcefully expressed without jargon, cant, or exaggeration.

In the summer study at MIT that Weisner, Oppenheimer, and Weiskoph organized back in 1959, we recognized that sometime (we thought in the 1970s) there would arise two great dangers to arms control and that therefore the risk of nuclear war would increase. The first was that nations would begin to take the nuclear umbrella for granted and that the number of small wars and the risk of small wars escalating into big ones would increase (the nuke-North-Vietnam-back-into-the-stone-age mentality.) The second was that the American people would tire of the hard choices of arms control and that the sentiment for easy solutions, like the freeze or total nuclear disarmament, would reach a point where demagogic politicians would embrace them, with all the consequences Mr. Krauthammer so cogently states. This has happened. And also the nth country problem has arrived more rapidly than we forecast. As a result I am more frightened than at any time since World War II. Last year in the *Washington Post* I tried to argue forcefully that the draft was one of the best guarantees against nuclear war. But, as Mr. Krauthammer says, these complex arguments become tiresome to people.

Schumpeter may be the true prophet of our times. The basic argument over arms control versus disarmament is between those who see mankind as human and those who see mankind as good.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY
New York, New York

Charles Krauthammer replies:

Dr. Evans's attempt at guilt by association—he calls my article a "restatement of the Administration's position: that the Russians are ahead of us in nuclear weapons so we must modernize our arsenal"—fails on a simple reading of my piece. Not once do I talk about who is ahead, or who is behind, or who has more warheads. Notions of inferiority may be behind President Reagan's arms control position, but they are not behind mine. I talk about the vulnerability of our deterrent. The effectiveness of our bomber deterrent, for example, will depend on (nonnuclear) Soviet antiaircraft defenses; it has nothing to do with who's ahead and who's behind in a bomber count.

Dr. Evans also says we can now safely fold our nuclear umbrella—under which Europe has experienced its longest and most sustained period of peace in a century—on the authority of one Richard Garwin, who believes that NATO conventional defenses are adequate to maintain the peace. Mr. Garwin is a lonely man. Even the left-wing Social Democrats in Germany, who are no friends of nuclear weapons, have said that a "no-first-use" pledge could bring disaster. It mystifies me how critics like Dr. Evans, who are so justifiably concerned about the prospect of war in the nuclear age, can so rashly advocate abolishing policies which have kept the peace and substituting untried policies whose success depends on such eccentric judgments as Mr. Garwin's. (His judgment is challenged by an overwhelming majority of defense analysts, including even McGeorge Bundy, et al., in their famous *Foreign Affairs* article.)

I share Jeremy Larner's concerns about the danger of nuclear accidents, demented submarine captains, and nuclear proliferation. Unfortunately, the freeze either ignores these dangers or exacerbates them. For one thing, nuclear modernization does not increase the chance of nuclear accidents; if anything, it probably decreases it. Take the MX, for example. There are many problems with the MX, but increasing the chances of accidental nuclear war is not one of them. A simple calculation makes this obvious. The U.S. now has 2,152 warheads on 1,052 land-based missiles. The same number of warheads could be carried on 215 MX missiles. That would reduce by a factor of five the chances of a nuclear missile firing itself. Similarly, with a fleet of Ohio-class Trident subs, we could carry the same number of submarine-launched warheads on a smaller number of boats and thus *reduce* the number of submarine captains, one of whom may turn out to be a Captain Queeg. Finally, I share Mr. Larner's apprehension of the danger to peace of a crazy state like Libya or Iraq obtaining nuclear weapons. That is why I wish some of the emotion now directed by the freeze movement at superpower overkill were directed at the most imminent danger in the nuclear age: proliferation. And nonproliferation is not only more pressing, it is more achievable, because unlike a mutual freeze, it doesn't require the concurrence of the Soviet Union. Almost all nuclear technology sold to third world nations comes from unscrupulous Western governments looking for short-term economic and geopolitical advantage.

Dr. Edey asks how the new (B-1 or Stealth) bombers would be better able to elude destruction on the ground. By getting off the ground much faster, before the arrival of incoming missiles, and by being more hardened against nuclear effects than the B-52s.

Dr. Edey's quiet faith that the Polaris and Poseidon submarines will be "invulnerable for decades" is touching. Again, I am astonished that people so rightly concerned about nuclear war should be so willing to entrust the job of preventing it to faith. She admits that the Trident is quieter and has longer range, but is happy to rely on Poseidons and Polaris because, she says switching ground, they are enormously destructive. But destructiveness is not the issue. The Trident is important not because it "multiplies the deterrent," but because, as Dr. Edey concedes, it is quieter and has longer range—in other words, more invulnerable, a better guarantor of deterrence, and therefore more likely to prevent the initiation of a nuclear war.

And as for the survivability of our land-based deterrent, it takes two accurate heavy warheads to destroy one fixed missile. Soviet SS-18s and SS-19s alone are capable of targeting *four* warheads for every existing U.S. land-based missile.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Back Issues and Reception
TRACY SWANSON

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Nuclear fallout.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... TREMORS AT VERSAILLES
A summit to discuss world economic woes.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... GIMME SHELTER
The Attorney General's tax schemes, like the President's gift belt buckles, are part of an unappetizing pattern of careless moral sleaze.
GRIM LESSONS FROM IRAQ
POISONED WELL
NOTEBOOK

12 **HENRY RAYMONT** ..... ARGENTINE MISCUES
Argentina's blunder into an unwanted war may end up destroying the inter-American system.

13 **JASON DEPARLE** ..... POPE FOR SALE
When the Pope visits Britain, the T-shirt hawkers will have to fork over a cut to the Holy See.

15 **NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN** ..... BOMBING OUT
Liberals have much to learn from two unlikely sources: the Catholics and Warren G. Harding.

18 **DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN** ... ONE-THIRD OF A NATION
Forty-five years after FDR's plea for the poor, the problem of dependency persists. How will America care for its needy in the 1980s?

22 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: CREEPIN' LIZARDS; ROCKY REDUX
The hoke in *Annie* is impure; but in *Rocky III*, it's not only pure, it's entertaining as well.

23 **BILLY WILDER** ..... MOVIES FOREVER!
Hollywood has survived a lot and isn't dying yet, and never will, says a director who should know.

24 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: THE GREAT ARTISTIC DIRECTOR BURNOUT
Directors convey more fatigue than drive lately; *"Nine"* displays rather more talent than thought.

26 **MICHAEL HARRINGTON** ..... THE LOWER DEPTHS
The Underclass by Ken Auletta

28 **LOUISE GLÜCK** ..... POEM *Liberation*

30 **FRANK KERMODE** ..... THE UNIVERSE OF MYTH
The Great Code: The Bible and Literature by Northrop Frye

33 **CHRISTOPHER RICKS** ..... WESSEXUAL POLITICS
Thomas Hardy: A Biography by Michael Millgate

37 **PAUL ROBINSON** ..... CRIMINALS AND VICTIMS
The Killing of Bonnie Garland by Willard Gaylin

42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... COMMITMENTS

COVER Photograph by Andy Levin/Black Star. Articles on pages 18 and 26.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Tremors At Versailles

President Reagan is going to the summit meeting at Versailles on June 4 and 5, where he will find the leaders of the free world practically on their knees imploring him to bring down the cost of borrowing money. The high rates charged in America, they say, raise the rates everywhere, and endanger world stability. There in the sumptuous corridors of Versailles, they will be tactful to the visiting President: perhaps he has been thinking chiefly about the situation at home? But in seven summit nations, unemployment now reaches twenty-one million. Nobody knows if the recession can be confined. It is having an unsettling effect on nations of the less-developed world (perhaps the Argentine seizure of the Falkland Islands was indirectly linked to it). In short, as Richard Cooper of Harvard says, "the economic situation is worse today than at any peacetime period since the 1930s, nearly 50 years ago."

President Reagan hardly needs to be told about the situation at home. It endangers the fall elections. It is true that there may be a mild recovery. That's the way recessions run. But will the slump then return and spread? Look around. There was the Braniff bankruptcy. There was the ugly backstage collapse of Drysdale, dealer in government securities (which most citizens didn't hear about), where Chase Manhattan Bank accepted responsibility for $150 million in losses. Bigger companies are threatened. Wall Street is jittery. And unemployment is pushing 10 percent.

We know pretty well what Reagan will say. He will be attractive and affable in the baroque rooms of the regal château. Inflation is coming down, he will say, and now, too, bank interest rates may follow—look at Citibank, lowering its prime rate. He is not going to push Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker for cheaper credit when things may correct themselves, and his program of lower income taxes may start the recovery. Have Mitterrand and Thatcher and Schmidt heard about the Kemp-Roth theory of supply-side economics? At the end of it all, it is likely that the summit leaders will know each other better, which is helpful in world affairs, but that not very much will have been accomplished.

What should President Reagan do? Let's start with the problem he faces. An American President is not master of his budget. The United States is unique in this, going back nearly two hundred years, to the Founding Fathers. In London, if Parliament changed so much as a farthing in Margaret Thatcher's budget against the government's wishes, she would call an election and have it out then and there. The nation always knows who's in charge. It is true in all other democracies, so far as I know, except the United States. President Reagan introduced his budget long ago, and Congress hasn't made up its mind about it yet. The American system was the most modern in the world when it was started, and now, in the days of the jetliner, it still proudly makes its way, like the Mayflower, despite storms and barnacles, to what we shall always hope are safe harbors. Slow, of course, and clumsy, and rather dangerous.

Now interest rates are exorbitant. Why do they stay up? There are various economic schools, and various explanations, but underlying most of them is the factor of uncertainty. There is the normal cost of borrowing money, plus inflation, which results in a horrendous rate of 15 or 16 percent. It may go higher still, depending on the security. Various risks are included. One risk is Congress and the governmental system itself. How does the borrower or lender know whether Congress will balance the budget? It hasn't in the past. There is little discipline, the political parties have weakened, the public is so dispirited about the election process that in 1980 only half of the voters voted.

This may seem a long way from the flamboyant debate in Congress on the

continued on page 39

Two leading authorities probe Eastasia's challenge to the West

Why are Japan and its neighbors—China, Taiwan, North and South Korea, Singapore and Hong Kong—outstripping the West in productivity, technology, exports, and management? What can our governments and industries do to respond? In this book, two scholars formerly associated with Harvard's East Asian Research Center provide detailed answers, looking closely at the impact of both cultural values and public policies.
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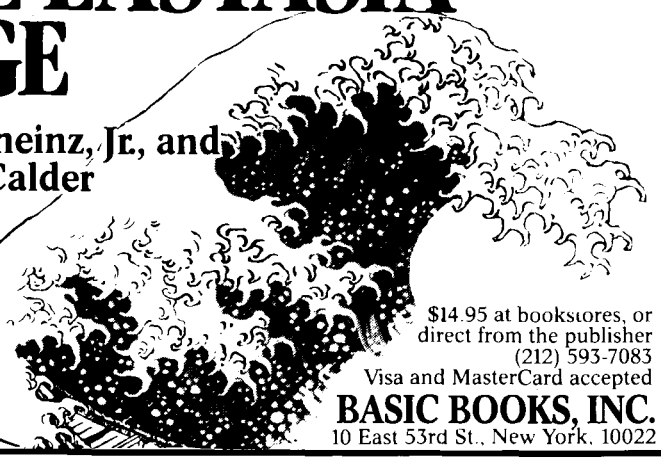

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 9, 1982

GIMME SHELTER

A recent series of disclosures helps fill out the unlovely profile of the present Administration's moral style. The disclosures concern money, or else they concern things of price if not of value. They involve, most recently, the President, the Vice President, the Attorney General, and the Secretary of Labor; but they fit into a pattern of conduct that is general throughout the upper and middle reaches of the executive branch under Ronald Reagan. This pattern of conduct is avaricious; it is profoundly vulgar; it values private gain above the responsibilities of public office. Yet it appears to be entirely unselfconscious, the reflex of a lifestyle; and this gives it a strangely oblivious quality, as if the Administration were playing the Margaret Dumont role in an old Marx Brothers movie. The result is more shabby than sordid, but it is no less deplorable for that.

In the first place, there is the embarrassing fact that the Reagans accepted more than $30,000 in "gifts" last year. What is most striking about these gifts is their mockingly frivolous character. At a time when more Americans are out of work than in any year since the Great Depression, the First Family is disporting itself with such baubles as: two belt buckles, handcrafted with the initials "RR" and "NR," worth $2,000; one pair of calfskin boots embossed with the Presidential seal, $300; a Waterford crystal wine cooler, $1,900; a sport coat and pair of slacks for the Presidential person, $500; a horse blanket for the Presidential mount, $275; a necklace with crystal acorn pendant, $975; a seed pearl bracelet, $900; and the inevitable closetful of daytime dresses, pantsuits, evening dresses, and gowns to keep the chill of reality off the flesh of the First Lady.

Vice President George Bush's gift list (including some golf balls and five cases of wine) adds up to only $17,000; but larger sums were at stake in his recent dubious intervention in a tax case. Mr. Bush heads the Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief, and one of the regulations he most wanted relieved would have greatly increased the taxes of a company of which he is a former director and in which, as of the time he took office, he owned $145,000 worth of stock. The proposed new Treasury regulation would have lessened the nearly $1.5 billion in tax breaks granted to companies with subsidiaries in Puerto Rico. The tax breaks are supposed to create jobs on that chronically poor island; instead, they have created incentives for brazen transfers of taxable income from U.S. companies to their Puerto Rican tax shelters. It was this practice that the Treasury Department was trying to stop, and it was Treasury's guidelines spelling out this intent that prompted Mr. Bush to send Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan a letter detailing his objections to the new rule. This letter was sent in March; in April Mr. Bush sent a second letter to Mr. Regan, saying that he now "felt uncomfortable about the appearance of my active personal involvement in the details of a tax matter directly affecting a company with which I once had a close association." In the interval between letter one and letter two, however, Treasury had revised the regulation in the direction urged by the Vice President's first letter. Mr. Bush, unlike his colleagues, recognized that he had made a mistake before the

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newspapers pointed it out to him. But if he wants to help the people of Puerto Rico (and that, after all, was the rationale for this scandalous tax scam, as well as for his intervention with Treasury), he might ask his boss not to cut the food stamp program, which keeps something like half the population of the island from going hungry.

Moving down the moral scale of the Reagan Administration, we encounter William French Smith, the highest law enforcement official in the land, and its most famous tax evader. Mr. Smith invested $60,000 in tax shelters, some of it while serving as Attorney General, which will allow him to take nearly $200,000 in tax deductions over the next three years. President Reagan's response has been to defend Mr. Smith, explaining patiently (and wrongly) that the tax shelter was entered into without Mr. Smith's knowledge, and noting testily (and incorrectly) that "a tax shelter is only a shelter if you lose your investment." Actually, Mr. Smith picked out this particular shelter himself, and he can take his four-for-one deduction whether or not the investment is ultimately profitable. What Mr. Smith did was legal, but it was a bad thing for an Attorney General to do; and neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Reagan seems to understand why.

Our candidate for the bottom line of this Administration is Mr. Smith, but Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan is giving him keen competition. A cloud hangs over the Secretary for alleged dealings with the gangsters of his native New Jersey; a special prosecutor is now looking into these charges. Meanwhile, apparently at Mr. Donovan's instigation, his former employer, a construction firm, has hired private investigators to shadow aides to the Senate Labor Committee, which is conducting its own investigation of Mr. Donovan. What is even more extraordinary, anonymous telephone callers have warned these aides to "lay off" the Donovan case or wind up in a "pine box." This is no longer Margaret Dumont—it's Edward G. Robinson.

Next, cameo appearances. First, by Secretary of the Interior James Watt, he of the taxpayer-subsidized parties at the Lee mansion in Arlington. Second, William Casey, the director of the CIA, whose past financial manipulations were sufficiently odiferous to prompt Senator Barry Goldwater to call for Mr. Casey's resignation. Third, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. We wish we were surer that his passionate advocacy of the Awacs sale to Saudi Arabia had nothing to do with the fact that his once (and perhaps future) employer stood to make a killing on the deal.

WHAT DOES it all add up to? Not to criminal corruption, although the Donovan affair may result in criminal prosecution, but to a corruption of civic spirit. That the President lives like a pasha, taking tribute from his subjects who in turn use his thank-you notes to hawk their wares, is, after all, only a matter of poor moral taste. What is worse is that he not only ceaselessly attacks the legitimacy of government, but also undermines that legitimacy by appointing to high office persons whose principal qualification appears to be either insensitivity to the ethical dimension of their jobs or a profound hostility toward them. To peer down the ranks of Mr. Reagan's appointees is to see the former OSHA violator who heads OSHA, the former Exxon lawyer who is now general counsel to the EPA, the former trucking lawyer who heads the Interstate Commerce Commission, the former cattleman who heads the Bureau of Land Management, the former anti-antitrust consultant who is now the attorney general in charge of antitrust prosecution, the former consultant to union-busting firms who is the solicitor of the Department of Labor, the former sponsor of a lawsuit against the federal strip-mining law who heads the Office of Surface Mining, the former president of the American Meat Institute who oversees the meat industry as Deputy Secretary of Agriculture, the former general counsel for one of the largest purchasers of federal timber who heads the Forest Service, the former executive of a company which does over $100 million worth of federal energy business who serves as Deputy Secretary of Energy, the former attorney for broadcasting interests who heads the FCC, and the former chief economist for the Savings and Loan League who serves as chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which oversees the savings and loan banks. Such appointments are perfectly consistent with the ideological predilections of an Administration which vaunts the superiority of private over public judgment. But there is still a distinction to be made between private and public interest. In this government that distinction is not recognized, and so in this government the public interest has few defenders. It's a Republican Administration without republican virtue.

Grim Lessons From Iraq

Imagine for a moment that there were no Arab-Israeli conflict. Imagine even that Yasir Arafat ruled a Palestinian state from East Jerusalem. Would there then be peace in the Middle East? Would Iraq not have invaded Iran, and Iran not now be poised to carry its victory-snatched-from-defeat into Iraq? Would the Ba'ath regimes in Damascus and Baghdad not be plotting each other's downfall and murdering each other's pawns? Would Syria not be in bloody rebellion and repression against itself, or Lebanon not be the scene of multiple civil wars?

Every week produces more evidence of the fratricidal disarray in Islam, a disarray that might be

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even more fratricidal if Israel did not draw off some of the homicidal intent. The May 31 issue of *Newsweek* estimated that the number of dead in the Syrian carnage in Hama last February may have been as high as 15,000, tripling previous estimates. In Lebanon, militant Shiites, allied with Christians, continue their struggle against Sunni Palestinians backed by Alawite-dominated Syria, though these same Shiites remain loyal to Shiite-ruled Iran, which in the Moslem wars is also backed by Syria. (Explain that paradox rationally if you can.) Pro-Syrian elements apparently were responsible for the terrorist act at the French Embassy in Beirut last week which claimed the lives of fourteen people and the limbs of twenty more. Such carnage is so commonplace that it goes almost unnoticed.

FOR SHEER body-count horror, the Iran-Iraq war, which was rediscovered by the Western press in May, is the most eye-catching. Vast stretches of sand have now changed flags at least twice, and Professor Shaul Bakhash of the Institute for Advanced Studies suggests in the May 25 *New York Times* that fatalities are higher than in the last two Arab-Israeli wars combined. Some informed observers think the projection of 50,000 dead is far too low. Now that the Iraqi cause appears to be just about lost, there are many signs from the State Department that panicky Reaganauts want to save Saddam Hussein. Of all the intended beneficiaries of the new American realpolitik, there is no single regime more routinely brutal to its own people than his, however much it may welcome Western salesmen. It's an old story for the U.S., this going with the loser who has few strategic claims on our support and no moral ones. No one denies that Iraq was the aggressor, and an aggressor acting in violation of a treaty it had signed only in 1975, in order to settle an old territorial dispute. This shows how binding treaties are in the Middle East.

The retrieval by Iran of its lost lands does not quench Tehran's appetite for revenge. Just over the horizon from Khorramshahr are the two prime shrines of the Shia illumination. Given the general Moslem insistence that Jerusalem, the "third holiest" of their cities, revert to Islam, doesn't the sectarian Shia expectation follow that Najaf and Kerbala revert to the followers of Ali, the Prophet's cousin, son-in-law, and legitimate heir? In the Shia view, their equivalent of Mecca is now held by infidels.

However atavistic the Iranian motives in pursuing the war beyond the status quo ante, the endurance of a modern army in the face of the self-destructing chaos of the mullahs' rule is nothing short of remarkable. When Iraq invaded, all the sage pundits predicted a quick defeat for Iran. The survival of the Iranian military as a fighting force recalls the World War II Red Army after Stalin had meted out to its officer class a fate quite like that inflicted by Khomeini. There is probably more genuine friendship and elective affinity for the U.S. and the West among the soldiers who are now conscripts of the Imans than there is in Saudi Arabia, our old friend, or in Iraq, our putative new one. When government by the millennialist mob finally collapses, we and the Iranian people will have to count on the remnant of the Shah's military to foreclose the coming to power of the Tudeh Communists, who have spent the past years fomenting and supporting any activity that destabilizes Iran and makes it vulnerable to the Soviet Union's long-frustrated drive to the Gulf. In the meantime, as the Iraqis are driven back into their own territory, the renewed flow of Iranian crude will intensify the downward pressure on OPEC oil prices, and on OPEC's political power as well.

The beginning of the end of oil scarcity now allows an energy-hungry world to see the Middle East more clearly, to see, among other unpleasantnesses, the casual ways in which life is extinguished there. Israel is not, after all, the demonic cause of all the region's ills. One consequence of this realization is that the *cordon sanitaire* which the Arabs had tried to put around Israel is slowly lifting. The first concrete manifestation of this process is Zaire's restoration of diplomatic links to Israel. Like other African countries—Nigeria, Kenya, Gabon, the Ivory Coast—Zaire had maintained commercial contacts with Israel ever since it had sent Jerusalem's diplomats packing. But Israel's record of technical assistance to African countries was so extraordinary that the severing of ties probably hurt the Africans much more than it did the Israelis. The respected Washington newsletter *Middle East Policy Survey* reported on May 21 that several other African countries are likely to follow Zaire in reestablishing normal bonds with Israel. Despite oil plenty, this will take some courage, since the Saudis have shown that they will try to punish, by withdrawal of investments, any developing country treating Israel other than as a diplomatic pariah. Countries like Zaire which are willing to pay the price of Saudi displeasure deserve the encouragement and help of the U.S. Their moves toward Israel are also moves toward U.S. policy in the Middle East. The government of François Mitterrand is encouraging the Francophone Africans to normalize relations with Israel; there is every reason that we should too, and do so manifestly.

ALSO IN mid-May, Costa Rica announced that it was moving its embassy back from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. This now troubled but traditionally sturdy Central American democracy thus demonstrates its unwillingness to continue to take sides in overheated and far-away disputes in which it has no intrinsic interests. For years the State Department pretended that the capital of China was Peiping and not Peking, as if the antediluvian nomenclature changed the realities of Communist rule. Those countries which maintain their embassies in Tel Aviv must still send their functionaries to Jerusalem to do their work. The mainte-

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nance of the diplomatic fiction encourages the Arabs to believe that we support them in their designs to reverse what have been the facts ever since 1949, when David Ben-Gurion moved the Jewish state's capital to Jerusalem. Costa Rica deserves our respect for its calm and realistic act in doing what we long ago should have done ourselves. Costa Rica, in fact, expresses the deepest inner convictions of Americans on this issue, as it does of others in its own region. It continues to deserve something more tangible than our gratitude.

Poisoned Well

Good bosses are supposed to defend their subordinates from outside attack, but President Reagan is showing poor judgment when he does so—and a shameful lack of leadership when he does not. He fired off a letter defending his White House chief of staff, James Baker, but it soon turned out that the man who attacked Mr. Baker is not a figure of any standing, but a right-wing Texas kook whom no one takes seriously.

But other officials in the government, especially in the State Department, are having their careers systematically wrecked by political operatives in Mr. Reagan's own White House, and the President is doing nothing to stop it. The most notorious case is that of Morton Abramowitz. Mr. Abramowitz, a career diplomat, served in important Pentagon and State Department positions in the Nixon, Ford, and Carter Administrations, and was the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand who convinced that country's government to accept tens of thousands of Cambodian and Vietnamese refugees. Mr. Abramowitz was considered for three major posts in the Reagan Administration—Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia, Ambassador to the Philippines, and Ambassador to Indonesia—and in each case he had the backing of Secretary of State Alexander Haig. But the appointments were canceled because of an anonymous poison-pen memorandum falsely accusing him of supposedly leftish leanings. The memo said, for example, that Mr. Abramowitz had favored President Carter's proposed withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Korea. In fact, he had opposed it.

Ignorance in the White House political and appointments offices prevented Mr. Abramowitz from getting two prospective appointments. President Reagan actually called him to ask him to be envoy to Indonesia, but the government in Jakarta rejected his appointment, claiming the mysterious "White House memo" had "poisoned the well." The President has not intervened personally with the Indonesians. The Administration has not found Mr. Abramowitz a better post, and now it appears that he will retire.

Shabby treatment of foreign service officers unfortunately has become a Reagan habit. Almost every career official who held a policy job during the Carter Administration has been treated as a political enemy by the Reagan White House. Several have left the service, including William Gleysteen, former Ambassador to Korea; Roger Sullivan, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia; and Paul Kreisberg, former deputy director of the policy planning staff. Others have been kept in a holding pattern, without assignment, since January 1981.

Mr. Reagan is allowing political zealots to deprive the country of useful talent. He is also setting up a pattern of politicization that may wreck the Foreign Service.

Notebook

□ THEY'RE PLAYING video games at the *New York Times*. Nobody's having fun, but there are tantalizing hints of the confrontational possibilities of the all-electronic office. About a year ago, it seems, a *Times* copy editor, Jane Linsky, got so enraged over a pay dispute that she threatened to "kill out" of the computer all the copy under her control—in this case, a large chunk of the leisure guide section of the Sunday paper. When her supervisor refused to budge, she hit the "purge" button on her console while he watched, horror-struck. She was fired. Now for the twist. As the labor arbitrator who ordered Linsky reinstated noted in his decision, she was only bluffing. As the Newspaper Guild's *Guild Reporter* put it, "unbeknownst to her supervisors, she had made a duplicate copy and preserved it in her 'personal directory' in the computer." But the *Times*'s management was also bluffing: they knew that only "double purging" could eliminate copy completely. The moral, perhaps, is that a new labor battlefield has been created, one in which power belongs to those who control the means of information.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The success of Mickey Mouse is so great that it overshadows not only the competitors of Walt Disney in the field of animated comics, but Disney's own more interesting work, the 'Silly Symphonies.' Mickey Mouse is a movie comic of the first order, but I do not think its popularity depends entirely on its artistic merit; it has some of the element of a fad, where it joins the kewpie and the Teddy Bear, and I think because Mickey Mouse is a character, Disney finds himself forced occasionally to endow him with a verbal wit and to give him too much to say, which is against the spirit of the animated cartoon." ("Disney and Others," by Gilbert Deldes, June 8, 1932.)

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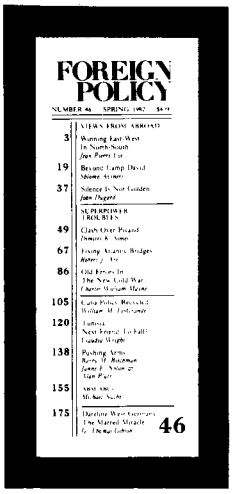

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Disarray in the hemispheric alliance.

Argentine Miscues

Buenos Aires

THE UNDECLARED WAR between Britain and Argentina over the Falkland Islands may rank with the Communist takeover of Cuba as one of the gravest setbacks to U.S. foreign policy in Latin America since the birth of the inter-American system nearly a century ago. If the Argentines, fearing an impending military catastrophe, request sophisticated weapons from the Soviet Union, this nightmare of misunderstanding and disarray in the hemispheric alliance will be complete.

Although the immediate enemy is "La Thatcher," Argentine rancor has turned even more fiercely against the U.S. Disregarding the fact that the war began when Argentina invaded the islands on April 2, government officials, opposition leaders, and a strident press are taking turns denouncing the Reagan Administration for having betrayed the cardinal principle of helping a sister republic that is being attacked by a European colonial power. "Britain is the aggressor," Mariano Grondona, an influential columnist, said with unmistakable bitterness on a TV news program recently, "but the U.S. has become the real adversary." General Roberto Levingston, a former de facto president, was the latest in a series of prominent Argentines to justify an eventual request for military aid from the Soviet Union, tartly observing that "the Western powers were Russia's allies in World War II, but that didn't make them Communists." On May 25, Argentina's national holiday, President Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri made public a warm letter he had written to Fidel Castro on May 10, thanking him for his support—a move clearly intended as a warning to the U.S.

As the fighting in the South Atlantic escalated, so did an outpouring of emotional solidarity in practically every other Latin American republic, despite Argentina's long history of aloofness from her neighbors, which has been premised on a romantic notion that it was too European in its racial and cultural origins to share any meaningful values with Creole societies such as those in Venezuela or Panama. All that now seems forgotten. Delegations from Venezuela, Peru, Panama, and Cuba are descending on Buenos Aires and pro-Argentine demonstrations are spreading across Latin America, replete with anti-American slogans, songs, and banners.

In some countries the South Atlantic crisis was quickly exploited for political reasons, especially by far left and ultranationalist groups which used it to fuel anti-U.S. sentiment. In Lima, for example, the traditionally pro-American ruling Popular Action Party was compelled to band together with the opposition of Apristas and an alliance of leftist parties, lest it risk losing control over a protest rally of more than 100,000, the largest in recent memory.

With this burgeoning anti-Americanism, it was not surprising that Argentina called for a second emergency meeting of the foreign ministers of the Organization of American States last week, attempting again to isolate the United States by invoking the Inter-American Security Treaty, known as the Rio Pact, against Britain. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's refusal to withhold military assistance from a key NATO ally left the United States standing virtually alone in a regional organization in which it had always played a dominant role. The decision was seen in Latin America as a function of overriding loyalties to Western Europe, rather than as a juridical position taken to protect the international community from further irredentist adventures. But Haig and his aides will learn little from this episode if they mistake the Latin American reaction for merely another example of anti-Yankee prejudice, or dismiss as "power-hungry thugs" the same Argentine military leaders they had courted on the assumption that the U.S.-Soviet rivalry is the core issue of Western Hemisphere concerns.

MUCH OF THE strain and confusion in the inter-American alliance is caused by a long history of erratic policies from Washington, a bipartisan tradition which the Reagan Administration has not been notably successful in changing. In fact, many past and present senior officials here claim that President Galtieri's decision to seize the Falklands by force can only be attributed to a sequence of mixed signals from the numerous civilian and military officials of the Reagan Administration who came to the Argentine capital during the last year in a stream of goodwill missions. "There can be no question but that Galtieri felt that he had at least the tacit support of the Pentagon," one high Argentine foreign policy official remarked during a private conversation. "You must realize that to our military, the voice of the Pentagon is decisive in their conception of who runs the American government." Though press reports published in the United States have identified the Argentine military attaché in Washington as the main source of this impression, the official I talked with believes that General Vernon Walters and other recent U.S. military visitors were more directly responsible by giving sympathetic, or at least ambiguous, responses to their Argentine colleagues who expressed a yearning for the "recuperation" of the archipelago.

It has now been established that the government of General Viola had begun an intensive campaign to regain the islands by diplomatic means before it was deposed by Galtieri last December. Having supported the Reagan Administration's policy in Central America and the Caribbean, the Viola government felt reasonably sure that it could count on the U.S. to persuade Britain to negotiate a transfer of sovereignty over a

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two-year period. General Galtieri may have been prompted to take the Falklands by force to demonstrate that he was a more resolute and energetic leader than Viola. But at no time did he anticipate that Britain would send a powerful naval task force to recover the islands, or that it would have the overwhelming support of the European Economic Community in applying economic sanctions against Argentina. Like Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, President Galtieri badly miscalculated Washington's response.

"There was a web of misunderstandings, miscalculations, and confused signals," a high Argentine source told me. "The last thing anybody expected was a war with Britain and a confrontation with most of the NATO powers, or that Washington would see this as a challenge to U.S. hegemony in the Western Hemisphere. We may become emotional and even slightly irrational when it comes to the Malvinas, but we are not mad." Argentina may well have blundered into a war it didn't want, discovering along the way that deep emotional forces such as national pride about territory are not confined to Latin America. The result in this hemisphere, one Argentine diplomat told me, could be the destruction not only of the present Argentine government, but of the whole inter-American system. This official portrayed the South Atlantic crisis as potentially even more serious than the problem posed by Cuba, a country he considered to be of less strategic significance to the United States than Argentina, which is as big as India, has a population of 24 million, and is rich in cattle, grain, and Patagonian oil.

The OAS survived the expulsion of the Cuban government largely because of the hope raised by President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress program of economic and social reform. But today the odd man out is the U.S. "With Cuba we had an explosion," the diplomat reflected. "It split the system but the alliance quickly healed some of the wounds. Now the effect is of an implosion—which is far more devastating to the hemispheric system. And this time there is no American rescue squad in sight." A few days after the British forces had consolidated their bridgehead in the East Falklands, an Argentine official privately conceded that the dream of "Las Malvinas Argentinas" was rapidly fading, and that the government had lost a golden opportunity when it rejected Haig's mediation effort. The official quoted to me a British sergeant he had heard interviewed over the BBC: "If these bloody islands are good enough to die for, they must be good enough to keep." The official remarked, "There is the earthy wisdom of Sancho Panza in these words, and it worries me far more than any of Mrs. Thatcher's threats."

HENRY RAYMONT

Henry Raymont, a freelance writer, was *New York Times* bureau chief in Buenos Aires in the mid-1960s.

The old Curia city shop.

POPE FOR SALE

TWENTY YEARS AGO, at the Second Vatican Council, Pope John XXIII began the movement called *aggiornamento*—"up-to-dateness," or bringing the Church into the modern world. Among the Council's participants and supporters was the assistant bishop of Krakow, Karol Wojtyla. *Aggiornamento* seems to have acquired new meaning recently. Bishop Wojtyla, now Pope John Paul II, has brought himself into the modern world with a vengeance by getting himself a high-powered business agent—a sports promoter named Mark McCormack, whose other clients include Bjorn Borg and Arnold Palmer.

McCormack's International Management Group was hired by representatives of the English Catholic Church who had formed something called Papal Visits Ltd. to take advantage of the commercial opportunities arising from the Pope's visit to the United Kingdom. Imaginative entrepreneurs have always found ways of capitalizing on papal appearances, but the direct participation of the Catholic Church is without modern precedent. Although nothing in the arrangements suggests moral transgression, ironies abound.

IMG and PVL came up with a tour logo displaying the keys of St. Peter, the Union Jack, and the cross, and licensed it out to more than sixty manufacturers for some two-hundred-and-fifty products, including bricks, books, T-shirts, balloons, gold watches, and silver spoons. (Items deemed inappropriate included Pontiff-handled screwdrivers and papal perfume.) Only official merchandise is to be sold at papal appearances, and posters displaying the logo are up in Catholic schools and parishes. In return, the manufacturers will pay PVL 10 percent of the wholesale value of the goods, and PVL will pay IMG 20 percent of its earnings.

Profits from the souvenirs are supposed to defray most of the $12-million debt the English Catholic Church expects from the six-day tour. Since the Pope is coming as a religious leader, not as a head of state, the English Catholic Church, which only has five million members, assumed responsibility for expenses such as facility construction and added security. And since other papal tours, including the 1979 visit to Ireland, left behind burdensome debts, the British trip is designed to be self-sustaining, taxing neither Church nor state. "We don't want anybody to be able to say the Pope came here on the rates," explained Monsignor Ralph Brown, coordinator of the papal visit, to the *Times* of London.

It is hard to imagine two more dissimilar collaborators than Mark McCormack and John Paul II. One is the shrewd and merciless supreme pontiff of an international commercial empire, the other the world's chief pastor, conservator of Christian teaching, and

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Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. The result of their interaction, effected through their respective bureaucracies? "They've learned a lot more about commercialism than we did about Catholicism," said Ian Todd, IMG's vice president, who is coordinating the tour. The implicit irony of the arrangement becomes evident when it is viewed in the context of the moral and spiritual mission of John Paul II's papacy in general, and the intent of his British visit in particular.

THE PAPACY of John Paul II has been marked by a degree of paradox. On matters of faith and doctrine he has been uncompromisingly conservative—strongly opposing women clergy, abortion, birth control, and divorce, while reining in such independent spirits as the Jesuits and Swiss theologian Hans Küng. On matters of political and economic freedom and human rights, however, the Pope has emerged as a progressive, though not radical, voice. Amidst the paradoxes of this complex papacy there has been a surprising popular appeal, centered on the personal warmth and charisma of John Paul II himself. The humility and authenticity which have strengthened the papacy of this pastoral father seem at odds with the image of a packaged Pope.

John Paul II's visit to the United Kingdom will test his crowd-pleasing powers. Since the English Reformation in the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII was recognized as "Supreme Head of the Church in England," and later when his daughter Elizabeth I was excommunicated by Pope Pius V for her persecution of Catholics, the papacy's status in England has been uncertain at best. Until 1829 British Roman Catholics lacked full civil liberties. Other legal restrictions persisted until 1926, and the law still bars Catholic succession to the throne. Pope Leo XIII's 1896 decree declaring the Anglican orders "absolutely null and utterly void" did little to improve relations, and it still remains an operative Roman Catholic decree. A recent Gallup Poll showed that only half the British thoroughly approve of the visit, and one out of eight is strongly opposed.

As the first reigning Pope ever to visit England, John Paul II is somewhat like Daniel coming into the lion's den, and he needs to exercise a greater than usual degree of sensitivity to popular perception. Much was at stake to begin with, and the Falklands war has raised the stakes still further. In January the diplomatic missions which the Holy See and the Court of St. James have exchanged since 1914 were raised to official ambassadorial status. In late March a twelve-year series of discussions concerning the possible reunion of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches was capped with the release of the final report of the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission. While ostensibly a pastoral visit to English Catholics, the papal tour clearly has wider implications, many of them symbolic.

The Catholic release of the ARCIC final report was accompanied by a letter from Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, which cautioned against undue optimism. "It is not yet possible to say that an agreement which is truly 'substantial' has been reached," Cardinal Ratzinger said. The timing of the Pope's visit contributed to questions about the seriousness of Catholic ecumenical commitment, since the Pope was scheduled to arrive before the ARCIC report could be analyzed thoroughly by theologians. "A certain turn of mind could see the whole thing as concerted papal imperialism," wrote John Whale, the religious affairs correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*. Others have also criticized the style of the visit in light of ecumenical dialogue. "I think his going to England is something of a media event in which you say you're interested in ecumenism but you don't have to tackle any of the hard issues of Anglican-Roman Catholic rapprochement," said William Wolf, professor of theology at the Episcopal Divinity School in Boston. In this context, the Church's involvement with IMG risks aggravating suspicions of media hype.

GIVEN THAT ecclesiastical pageantry and the sale of medieval indulgences contributed toward the Reformation break with Rome, and that popular prejudices against Catholicism often focus on Church accoutrements, the promotion of officially sanctioned goods treads on tender territory. If newspaper coverage provides any reflection of public mood, what the Church stands to gain economically it may lose in dignity and prestige. Flaunting the IMG association, British papers have flashed across their pages pictures of papal T-shirted women, holding papal balloons, and sporting a variety of other logoed merchandise. "The plan of the visit is beginning to look like every other papal visit, a triumphal tour by an international megastar," observed Clifford Longley, religious affairs correspondent for the *Times* of London, in February.

Harvard Church historian George H. Williams, who has known the Pope since Vatican II and recently completed a biography of him, agrees that the commercial participation appears out of character. "In view of his well-known opposition to consumerism, in view of his intention to visit every country as an apostolic pilgrim, John Paul II should surely reconsider the symbolism of apostolicity and pilgrimage, and also his ecumenical intentions," Williams says. "In the United Kingdom he should be present with the same modesty that characterized his predecessor Gregory I, who sent the first emissaries from Rome to Canterbury in the sixth century."

Of course, a lot has happened since the sixth century, and it might be argued that the Vatican's new commercialism is an honest recognition of capitalist culture. Surely capitalism and the Vatican are no strangers to each other, and the Catholic Church can

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claim no purity in matters of finance. Although host churches, not the Vatican, are responsible for the costs of papal visits, the Holy See's treasury in Rome is an obvious financial alternative. The Vatican's economics have long been shrouded in secrecy, even within the Curia itself, contributing to a popular conception of limitless Roman riches. No doubt the Vatican's wealth is extensive, but most of it is tied up in nonliquid assets like real estate, art, and architecture. The Sistine Chapel is worth plenty, but it is not easily converted into ready cash.

A substantial portion of the operating budget of the modern Vatican comes from the 1929 Lateran Treaty, by which Mussolini paid the Holy See about $100 million for ceding the Papal states. By 1967 this sum was estimated to have grown to about $500 million, and Pope Paul VI began modernizing the financial structure of the Church, establishing the Prefecture for Economic Affairs to oversee the economic administration of the Vatican. Subsequent investigations into Vatican finances have revealed holdings in a Canadian contraceptives producer, the Beretta firearms factory, and Washington's famous Watergate Hotel. "The Vatican is financially dependent on the capitalist system," concluded Giovanni Cereti, a respected student of Roman Catholic finances. That dependence brought economic disaster to the Vatican in 1974 in the person of financier Michele Sindona, the collapse of whose international empire cost the Vatican somewhere between $80 million and $500 million. For about five years the Vatican has been operating with deficits between $15 million and $25 million annually—estimated to be between one-third and one-half its budget. In 1979 Pope John Paul II convened the Sacred College of Cardinals for an extraordinary consistory to discuss financial woes, and the Vatican issued its first financial communiqué ever, indicating the seriousness of its financial situation.

ON THE BOOKS alone, then, the Church's participation in the souvenir concession seems a logical way for a cash-short Pope to finance a costly pastoral visit. Certainly the history of Roman Catholicism is replete with far more shocking financial disclosures than the IMG-PVL contract provides, and, as Church historian John Tracy Ellis of Catholic University emphasizes, there are practical considerations. "I think all of this is kind of cheapening, but I wonder if it's not unavoidable," Ellis says. "The bills have to be paid by somebody. These financial obligations are a fact."

Yet spiritual leaders inescapably traffic in symbolism, and we are left with the symbol of an antimaterialist Pope hawking souvenirs. This is the same Pope whose 1981 encyclical *Laborem Exercens* warned against that which "indirectly or directly places the spiritual and the personal (man's activity, moral values, and such matters) in a position of subordination to material reality." (See "Papal Economics," by Nicholas von Hoffman, TNR, November 4, 1981.) As the Vatican constructs a bomb shelter to safeguard parchment archives from nuclear attack, and as John Paul II jumps from continent to continent in wide-bodied jets while expounding traditional attitudes toward ecclesiastical discipline and human sexuality, today's papacy already contains a strange mix of medieval and modern images. That on matters of commercial enterprise the Vicar of Christ has chosen to side with modernism seems fitting in a twisted sort of way, but also a bit sad.

JASON DEPARLE

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Nuclear pointers for radioactive liberals.

BOMBING OUT

AMERICAN LIBERALISM cracked apart in 1917 over going to war in Europe. Something similar may be happening in 1982 with the various activities born of the rising conviction that, sure as God made apples, we have booked passage on a rocket aimed at catastrophe. The freeze movement is a vehicle for a lot of people to say that they want something serious to be done, and right away please, about the bomb. They are saying it nicely but firmly, and even the Great Communicator is getting, however dimly, the message. The freeze, as noted in these pages and elsewhere, is not so much a plan as a sentiment; and the sentiment in question, arising in good dialectical fashion out of despair, is hope. That's why, even though a lot of people who like school prayer and dislike food stamps also like the freeze, the freeze is essentially a liberal idea.

Liberalism without hope, without occasional flashes of idealism, is a contradiction in terms. Since its beginnings in early nineteenth-century England, liberalism has had as a constant the belief in the perfectability of man and society, a conviction that one can and ought to try to change things for the better. What those changes may be vary over time, but it is conservative—illiberal, if you will—to accept what is as the best there can be, which is what one does when one attacks the freeze or Ground Zero or any of these efforts by people engaged in the not entirely ignoble task of upping their life expectancy to equal the span allotted them on the actuarial tables of their life insurance companies. The armed liberals are especially nettled at Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*. Since this antinuke essay

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first saw print in the *New Yorker*, and since it is alleged that this slim volume is the bible of the freeze movement, there is alarm that the shade of radical chic may be abroad in the land. Once again Manhattan and Malibu are misleading the masses.

In the Maine fishing village where I reside and where they recently met in the firehouse to pass one of those infamous town meeting freeze resolutions, the name of Jonathan Schell is unknown. The *New Yorker* is seldom read by the lobstermen and their wives, and its articles are never a topic of conversation at Fales General Store, where the pot-bellied stove of cliché and fable sits in all its cast-iron ornateness. The only bible consulted for guidance and inspiration in those parts is the holy one, and liberals of the radioactive persuasion are best advised to understand that the genesis of much of this social movement is unlike any in their experience. It is not uncoiling from campus and cocktail party. It is not even—let it be said to organized American liberalism's embarrassment—particularly liberal in political sentiment.

ONE THING that makes the antinuclear movement unlike some of the others of our epoch is the role being played by the Roman Catholic Church. During the civil rights uproar, the Church was supportive but didn't lead; during the anti-Vietnam controversy, individual Catholic priests like the brothers Berrigan played important roles, but the Church itself stayed out of it. What is remarkably different about what is going on now is that the Catholic Church, as a church, has been injecting itself—slowly, reluctantly, but firmly—into the struggle over nuclear policy. The same right-to-life values which have impelled it to resist abortion also impel it to take a stand on this issue.

Some of the things that Jonathan Schell wrote in the *New Yorker* were being said by the American Roman Catholic hierarchy years before. Non-Catholics may not realize how far the teachings of our largest Christian denomination have evolved since the time of John XXIII, when this topic began to get earnest attention. By 1979, John Cardinal Krol, Archbishop of Philadelphia, appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on behalf of the more than 350 bishops of the United States Catholic Conference, gave reluctant support to SALT II. The reasons for his reluctance may come as a surprise to non-Catholic liberals who stopped paying attention to the Church back in the days when Francis Cardinal Spellman was perfecting his impression of Slim Pickens in *Dr. Strangelove.*

The first reason is that the Catholic Church teaches that a nation may not morally use atomic weapons, period. The very strategy of deterrence was condemned by the bishops six years before Schell wrote. At that time they wrote in a pastoral letter (*To Live in Christ Jesus*) that "not only is it wrong to attack civilian populations but it is also wrong to threaten them as part of a strategy of deterrence." It was with this statement in mind that Krol told the senators, "Catholic moral teaching is willing, while negotiations proceed, to tolerate the possession of nuclear weapons for deterrence as the lesser of two evils. If that hope were to disappear, the moral attitude of the Catholic Church would almost certainly have to shift to one of uncompromising condemnation of both use *and* possession of such weapons" (emphasis the Cardinal's). The American Catholic hierarchy meets again in November, when it is likely that the bishops will vote against even the possession of such weapons.

TO THE HEAVY throw-weight liberal, the fact that the Catholics have deserted the baroque reasoning sustaining mutual assured destruction comes as news. It would not be the first time that non-Catholic American liberals failed to hear and heed a religious organization long since dismissed as narrow-minded and authoritarian, as indeed it sometimes is. In the 1940s American liberals were deaf to the screams of American Catholics as their co-religionists were devoured in an East European Communist holocaust which may have taken as many lives as the Nazi one. It has taken non-Catholic American liberals the better part of forty years to interest themselves in the cause of Polish freedom. Well into the 1950s a certain kind of liberal snorted at the vulgarity of the children and grandchildren of Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Hungarian, and other East European immigrants marking "Captive Nations Day." It was a bit of arrogance and snobbery for which many a liberal paid a heavy price, for their indifference set the kindling for the fire of McCarthyism.

This is another time and another day. I am not predicting an antinuke McCarthy, but there will be unknown political consequences for liberals who can't find a way to make common cause with the Catholics on this question. No one is asking them to buy the whole Catholic political agenda. Joining hands on this issue doesn't sign one up to oppose birth control any more than joining hands with Billy Graham, who has also become an antibombitarian, means you've got to get washed in the blood of the lamb. In Amarillo, Texas, the home of the manufacturing plant doing the final assembly work on nuclear weapons, the Catholic bishop publicly questioned the morality of such activity, and the only person of consequence in the community to support him was a rabbi. The clergymen are stealing traditional liberal moral thunder.

On the banks of the Potomac, liberals and conservatives alike have been taken by surprise by the activity of the antibombitarians. Hence all the writing and talking about how the whole thing sprang up overnight. Nothing could be less accurate. The anxiety and fear about these war toys has grown with each successive Administration's announcement that it must have more of them; the sentiment has found specific expression through the organization and communications set-ups made available to it as more and more

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religious bodies have given up on MAD and other Strangelovian concepts. Unreported in the secular media, antinuke opinion has found other pathways of communication through the churches.

An exception should be entered in the case of certain publications like the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Times,* which for several years now have provided steady and unspectacular but competent coverage. For broadcasters and such who think of a social movement uniquely in terms of a 1960s-style protest, what's been going on has been invisible. Only youths with no family responsibilities and the conviction that they are invulnerable to the ravages of a policeman's cudgel engage in activities sufficiently spectacular to draw the attention of a network camera crew.

Though we will have the occasional hunger strike like that of the Catholic anarchist who recently fasted for an astonishing sixty-three days to protest the naming of a nuclear attack submarine after the Body of Christ, the bulk of the new antibombitarians are people who believe referenda and passing resolutions in town meetings and elsewhere do work to good effect. They are orderly persons who, by and large, have lived lives that tell them that they can use the political system to work their wills on policy. They are a classically bipartisan and nonpartisan American single-interest group. Being for the freeze or Ground Zero is not a gauge of a person's politics. Cardinal Krol, for example, allowed himself to be photographed with Ronald Reagan during the last Presidential campaign. Survival is not an exclusively liberal issue, but those who fail to find a place in the antibomb movement of the 1980s will have little voice in shaping and forming the liberalism of the next decade. It is a ticket-puncher of an issue.

Your modern radioactive liberal, hypersensitive to charges of wooly-headedness, is convinced that the only safety lies in the expenditure of another trillion dollars in atomic rocketry. Any other course supposedly means believing three impossible things before breakfast, i.e., world government, the end of the nation-state, and the beginning of the Second Coming. The hope of arms reduction agreements is as delusional now as it has always been, as illusory as our persistent faith that there must be a better way.

BUT THERE IS a better way, and it exists in our own history. We once had a President who chose to chance disarmament negotiations in deference to what he described as "the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare." The speaker was Warren Gamaliel Harding, and the occasion was the opening of the first major international meeting ever held in our capital, the Washington Conference of 1921. It ended with a set of treaties which not only limited the size of the world's great naval fleets but mandated the destruction of hundreds of thousands of tons of warships being built or already afloat. It may be the only time it ever happened, but on this occasion, at least, some swords were beaten into plowshares. The agreements reached in Washington may have postponed the Pacific War for a decade or more.

In certain instructive respects the international situation then was similar to the situation today. Japan was spending between one-third and one-half of its budget on arms, mostly in building a larger fleet. The Brits were also groaning under the cost of maintaining their worldwide naval superiority, and we were unhappy at paying for the huge Wilsonian naval expansion program which continued after the 1918 armistice. So then as now some wanted to make a deal for economic reasons, others because they had developed an aversion, after living through the charnel house that was World War I, to navigating the ship of state through seas of blood. The delegates to the Washington Naval Conference had the same difficulties that delegates to contemporary international meetings have in deciding what constitutes a defensive and what constitutes an offensive weapon because, then as now, the strategic situations of the parties were so different. In one respect, at least, they were wiser than we. They knew that a workable disarmament agreement depended on some kind of political agreement, in this case one in which the major signatories came to an understanding about China, the bone of contention that had brought Japan and the United States near to war in the past and would eventually precipitate the 1941-1945 conflict.

WHAT THE STATESMEN of that era did not appreciate is that there cannot be one deal, one treaty, that takes care of the arms race for all time. When the Depression hit and countries turned protectionist, the system begun with the Washington treaties broke down. The 1930s saw the arms race renewed and the world was on its way to Hiroshima. Had the Washington meeting been the first of a continuous process of negotiation, accommodation, and compromise, we might have inherited a different world with a different set of problems.

Yet we have been left with something of value. We have an example of nonbellicose pragmatism. We have the memory of a Republican Senate with the redoubtable Henry Cabot Lodge as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee ratifying a disarmament treaty. There are even pictures in the National Archives of the actual dismantling of our battleships. These events owe less to Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes and President Harding, a man not ordinarily accounted one of our greatest leaders, than to the freezeniks of the early 1920s. They had seen an arms race and its sanguinary climax, so in their hope and idealism they turned to another way. If they failed, it wasn't because they were too impractical; it was because they failed their own best dream.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

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How will America care for its children?

ONE-THIRD OF A NATION

BY DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

THE STORY FROM ALBANY on May 14 was puzzling. The New York State Commissioner of Education had asked the State Attorney General to take legal action to prevent the U.S. Department of Education from using 1970, rather than 1980, census figures in calculating New York's share of federal education funds. These monies—under Title I of the 1965 Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the basic federal aid program for schools—are allocated by population, in this case, the number of children living in poverty.

According to the 1980 census, New York lost population during the 1970s. There were 1.2 million fewer children living there in 1980 than a decade earlier. At first glance, wouldn't one expect the commissioner to want to use the earlier population data? Well, yes—but only at first glance, because it turns out that although New York did indeed lose over a million children in the 1970s, it *gained* 156,000 children *living in poverty*. Now that the numbers for the 1970s are in, it is clear that a decade which saw great and growing efforts to deal with the problem of poverty utterly failed to deal with the problem of dependency.

The dependent family is typically female-headed. The number of such families grew furiously during the 1970s, in all regions of the country. Most such families are poor. During the 1970s, female-headed families became the majority of poor families with children. According to the 1980 census, the proportion of such families is now 53.6 percent. In New York it is closer to two-thirds, 65.8 percent.

The hidden dynamic in poverty data, or at least the one generally avoided, is changing family composition. For about fifteen years, the Census Bureau has been trying to sort out the question, and is now good at doing so. Simply described, the family composition of a given year—1970—is brought forward to establish what the same composition would mean in income terms at a later year—1980. This is compared with the real 1980 data, and the differences are attributable to family change. Gordon Green and Edward Welniak of the Census Bureau have now done this and will soon publish their results.

In brief, overall changes in family composition accounted for an additional 2,017,000 poor families in the 1970s. This has been a devastating experience for almost every group throughout the country, but especially for minorities. Green and Welniak write that changes in the composition of black families caused their real income to decline by 4.9 percent in the 1970s. Without the changes, the real income of these families would have increased 11.3 percent. Green and Welniak conclude: "These data suggest that, in the absence of changes in family composition, the average income of Black families would have increased much more rapidly than the average income of White families."

No one can say with real confidence just how this transformation got started, and no responsible person could say how it is to be reversed. But one fact is overwhelmingly clear: so long as the condition persists, the single most important federal program dealing with children is the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program, provided under Title IV of the Social Security Act. For this reason, the single most radical change the Reagan Administration has proposed in existing social programs is to abolish Title IV and, under the rubric of the "new federalism," to turn the care of dependent children over to those states that give a damn—and to those states that don't.

One would have thought that a program firmly in place for nearly half a century would have acquired a certain acceptance, even an aura of necessity, and that the governors would not be so casual in offering to swap it for this or that program. But no. The life of the AFDC program remains as chancy and skimpy as the lives of the children it supports.

The question goes back to Franklin D. Roosevelt's second inaugural address, in which he saw "one third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." Whether Roosevelt did in fact "see" that condition in 1937, in the sense that there was a statistical base for his assertion, is problematic. Even so, I doubt he was much wrong; and surely he was rhetorically right.

Roosevelt's ratio has surfaced at various moments in the last four decades, carrying with it profound implications for both political economy and public policy. And it is now reflected in striking data which indicate that one-third of all children born in America during 1980 will likely spend some portion of time on welfare

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before reaching the age of 18. The notion that one-third of our nation is in need carries large implications as we conduct a national debate on the question of federalism and the role of the national government in caring for the poor.

In July 1963 I was serving as Assistant Secretary of Labor for Policy Planning in the Kennedy Administration. Apart from reading the morning papers, I didn't have much to do, as the Labor Department (and, by extension, the Administration) had done all the policy planning needed for the moment. The problem was getting the policies enacted into law. President Kennedy's program was dead in the water. Unemployment had been a recurring theme of his early addresses to Congress, and he had been seeking legislation to create a general youth employment program. As time passed, however, the economy began to recover from the recession of 1959-1960, and, inevitably, White House concern with unemployment began to recede.

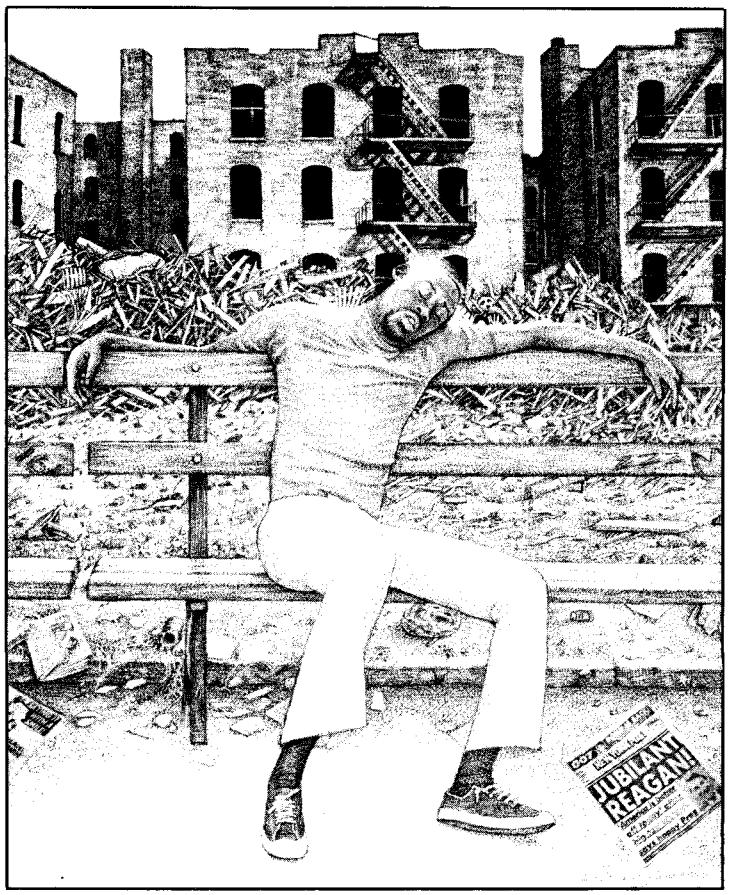

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY PINCUS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As my job was to advance the Department of Labor's agenda, especially when our early prominence in the Administration's scheme of things seemed to be fading, I had been looking for new arguments for a national youth training and employment program. Yet something beyond normal institutional interest stirred me as well. I had begun to suspect that the early talk of unemployment had been a kind of shorthand, a code in which the Administration addressed the problem of economic growth. There was another issue. We did not know much about it, but we knew that social conditions, especially in cities, were not as promising as the generally cheerful 1950s had led many to believe.

One morning the *Washington Post* carried a brief notice that General Lewis B. Hershey, director of the Selective Service System, had once again submitted his annual report to the President and Congress, and that once again roughly half of the young men summoned for examination had been rejected for failure to pass the mental examination, the physical examination, or both. General Hershey's ratio was just the sort of thing I had been looking for. Half the 18-year-olds in the country were not healthy enough, or quick enough, or both, to serve in the Army. Surely this showed the need for a national response. The thought of using the Selective Service System as a national screening device came quickly to mind. To link social issues to military preparedness was, well, an idea.

A Cabinet-level group was established, the President's Task Force on Manpower Conservation. An abundance of raw data was available. For two decades, almost half the U.S. population had passed through the Selective Service System's screen, yet almost no analysis of the data had been made. Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense and an enthusiastic member of the Task Force, found the figures telling. I was made secretary of the group. After three months, our findings were issued on January 1, 1964, and presented that same week to the President by Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz. The conclusions were succinct, embodied in a report called *One Third of a Nation: A Report on Young Men Found Unqualified for Military Service:*

> One-third of all young men in the nation turning 18 would be found unqualified if they were to be examined for induction into the armed forces. Of these, about one-half would be rejected for medical reasons. The remainder would fail through inability to qualify on the mental test. . . . A nationwide survey carried out by the task force of persons who have recently failed the mental test, clearly demonstrates that a major proportion of these young men are the products of poverty. They have inherited their situation from their parents, and unless the cycle is broken, they will almost surely transmit it to their children.

President Johnson was persuaded by the report and adopted the Task Force's recommendation (really McNamara's) that, starting immediately, all 18-year-old males would be tested and informed of their illnesses, if any, and learning disabilities, if any, regardless of whether they were to be drafted. At about this time the President also established a Task Force on Poverty with Sargent Shriver at its head. I became a

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member of that group as well. For historians I propose that one of the reasons the President's "War on Poverty" seized the day was the powerful body of information assembled by the Task Force on Manpower Conservation. One-third of the nation's youth were not fit for service.

Soon Lyndon Johnson's speeches and informal remarks included references to our report. He commenced to talk about the "peckerwood boys" back in the hollows, with little education and fewer prospects. These were still years of peace in America, and such ideas were acceptable. As late as 1966, I wrote an article arguing that the armed services were excluding the poor. They were. (See "Who Gets in the Army?" TNR, November 5, 1966.)

Even so, the focus of *One Third of a Nation* blurred as the War on Poverty unfolded. President Johnson was primarily responsible. The antipoverty program which we presented to the Cabinet in February 1964 included a massive jobs program to be financed by a tax increase on, among other things, tobacco. The President dismissed the proposal. We were, he said, cutting taxes that year, an election year.

YET OUR RESEARCH in the Labor Department continued. In early 1965, I prepared yet another report for President Johnson (the so-called Moynihan Report) describing the emergence of family instability among the poor of America. The report demonstrated that a powerful correlation between minority male unemployment rates and new welfare cases had persisted from 1948, when the statistics were first available, until the late 1950s, but that then the correlation began to break up and suddenly disappeared. Welfare dependency had continued on a steady, independent rise. Or so I thought.

Once again, President Johnson was compelled by the data and persuaded of their importance. Family stability was the theme of his address at Howard University on June 5, 1965, and it promised to remain a major concern of the Administration. I had written to warn, and to convince the President of the need for a major initiative. He accepted the warning, as did some others. But the warning was strangely denied or ignored by many, among them those who might have been expected to be the most interested parties. In his new book, *The Underclass*, Ken Auletta states that the thesis was "prescient." (See "The Lower Depths," by Michael Harrington, page 26.) Be that as it may, it was denied.

Despite the controversy, I continued to believe that family policy might be a way in which the national government could approach what seemed to be such large and intractable problems among our people.

During the welfare debates of the 1960s and 1970s, there were two general views about what kinds of reforms were needed. Starting with the Administration of President Johnson and continuing to that of President Carter, the Presidency tended to think in terms of a guaranteed income, that is, of transforming the original Social Security system into a full-fledged, universal system of income maintenance. The contrary view held that efforts by the state to support family life and encourage family stability unavoidably have the opposite effect. This was stated most intelligibly and compassionately by Nathan Glazer in a series of lectures given at City College of New York in 1970 on "The Limits of Social Policy." He observed: "In its effort to deal with the breakdown of . . . traditional structures . . . social policy tends to encourage their further weakening. There is, then, no sea of misery against which we are making headway. Our efforts to deal with distress themselves increase distress."

At the opposite pole of compasson—and intellect—there is what might be termed the "Welfare Cadillac" school, which disdains family policy and simply holds that much or most welfare is fraudulently obtained or unnecessarily dispensed, and that all would be better off if the program were severely restricted. Somewhere in between, commentators such as George Gilder hold that welfare programs are inherently and unavoidably damaging. In *Wealth and Poverty*, Gilder states: "The most serious fraud is committed not by the members of the welfare culture but by the creators of it, who conceal from the poor, both adults and children, the most fundamental realities of their lives: that to live well and escape poverty . . . the poor need most of all the spur of their poverty."

While the debate intensified between 1961 and 1981, Franklin D. Roosevelt's AFDC program remained the principal formula for child assistance. This is not to say that advocates of "liberal" change in the welfare system brought about no reforms in two decades of prominence. In 1973 a guaranteed income for the aged, blind, and disabled was established as the Supplementary Security Income program, the one part of the Family Assistance Plan proposed by President Nixon in 1969 that was enacted. Moreover, the Congressional debate over FAP led to the Earned Income Tax Credit, a limited negative income tax for the working poor. Through it all, AFDC has remained in place, the object of "tireless tinkering" but never of basic change. Until now, when it has been proposed for the boneyard.

What *has* changed is the incidence of welfare dependency. Expenditures for AFDC, expressed as a percentage of the total federal budget, have declined over the last decade. But the number of people dependent on welfare has grown. Last year, I published a paper in the *Journal of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies* that examined the rise since 1940 in the proportion of children who receive public assistance. The projections, though necessarily tentative so far as the future is concerned, are striking: one child in three born in 1980 will be on public assistance (AFDC) before the age of 18. That is more than four times the 1940 ratio. Using the same technique, I recently calculated that

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the ratio for New York City is now 50.15 percent.

Clearly, there has been a profound change in the nature of welfare dependency. The original Aid to Dependent Children title of Roosevelt's 1935 Social Security Act (Title IV) was modeled on the widows' acts adopted by various state governments, especially in the Northeast, at the turn of the century. The typical recipient of benefits in the original Social Security Act was seen as the widow of a West Virginia coal miner—or rather, her children, for mothers as such received no direct allowance until much later, in 1950. Society's obligation was primal, almost biblical—to the fatherless child, the orphaned child.

BY THE 1980s, all this had changed. The welfare population today is associated to a substantial degree not with widowhood but with abandoned female-headed families, or those that never had a father at home in the first place, and these have in turn become the most salient aspect of poverty in America. In 1980, white female-headed families had a median income of $11,908, compared to $23,501 for white husband-wife families. Black female-headed families had a median income of $7,425, compared to $18,593 for black husband-wife families. There has been, then, a "feminization of poverty" that suggests a basis for broad agreement on welfare reform.

Unfortunately, the 1980s are likely to be taken up with skirmishes over "tightening up" existing income maintenance or even abolishing programs rather than with confronting the question of dependency. This need not necessarily be a bad thing. A loose welfare system offends elementary principles of public policy, particularly the requirement that public moneys be dispensed with strict propriety. Welfare agencies should understand that they have the most exigent duty to uphold laws and regulations. The widespread charge of "welfare cheating" in the 1960s and 1970s has scarcely helped the condition of welfare recipients who, after all, are mostly children. The duty to care for such children extends to the responsibility to care for the reputation of programs that do so.

Nonetheless, stricter administration is not likely to change our present extraordinary situation. The only clear policy prescription that emerges from the almost half-century of experience with the AFDC program is that the time has come to make it a truly national program, as was done with every other provision of the original Social Security Act of 1935. This is to say that the federal government should bear the cost of income maintenance for dependent children, much as it does for the dependent aged. The AFDC program and the attendant Medicaid program should be fully financed by the federal government, providing uniform benefits throughout the nation. The ratio of dependency (one-third of all children born in 1980) shows that the descent into welfare dependency is so chronic a condition that how we deal with it can legitimately be thought of as the question of how the nation will care for its children.

But the present Administration is arguing for precisely the opposite direction in policy. Its proposal to return AFDC to the states, as part of some swap for state-run Medicaid programs, is nonsense as federalism and bankrupt as policy. By getting "welfare" out of Washington, the Administration hopes to obscure a problem, not to deal with one. There are now twenty titles included under the Social Security Act—Medicaid is Title XIX, AFDC is Title IV. These two serve almost identical populations and should be dealt with at the same level of government. Moreover, there is a fearsome differential in benefit levels among the states. The Administration's solution runs the risk of encouraging helpless people in one state to flee to more generous states simply to receive needed benefits.

We surely can devise social institutions that deal with the vulnerability of the "nuclear family" in a postindustrial economy. We must provide ways to support dependent children without introducing incentives to child abandonment. We need to find institutions that generate norms and encourage self-reliance among adults. Most of all, perhaps, we need to recognize that the problem is growing.

I NOTE two encouraging and potentially important developments. First, in December, the Rockefeller Foundation, spurred by its own survey of these questions and urged on by the former chairman of the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Eleanor Holmes Norton, announced a multimillion-dollar program to assist single minority-group women who head households. This action, on behalf of those the Foundation described as "the most disadvantaged members of our society," represents a major shift in emphasis for one of our nation's most distinguished philanthropic institutions. Second, the National Urban League, responding to cuts in federal money for its poor black constituents, announced that it would give new priority to four issues. The first two are pregnancy among teenagers and the plight of poor households headed by women. The League's new priorities are all the more significant, considering that it opposed the Family Assistance Plan legislation in the 1970s. What the nation learns from the experiments of the Urban League and the Rockefeller Foundation, one hopes, will help guide the debates over national welfare policy in the years ahead. At the very least, they will help influence public perceptions of what is needed.

What is not needed, in any event, is a response to the dilemma of welfare dependency that repeals the social insurance programs of the New Deal. If we have learned anything from the story of Roosevelt's one-third of a nation, it is that the perplexity is likely to persist. Just how and why this is so may now be beyond the analytic powers of social science, yet it cannot be kept beyond the realm of public policy.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Creepin' Lizards; Rocky Redux

Annie
(Columbia Pictures)

Rocky III
(United Artists)

If *Annie* didn't exist (which in a sense is the case), it would have to be invented (which is what they have done). This film is so cold-bloodedly heartwarming, so calculatedly high-spirited, that it reaffirms one's faith in the generally nasty order of things. If there were no artificers in film—or in the theater, where *Annie* originated—if there were no schemers making blueprints for cuteness, one might begin to suspect that such ancient dependable elements in human nature as opportunism and contempt were dying out. And if they go, how will we recognize the world?

It all began, really began, with absolute authenticity—corny but authentic. In 1885 James Whitcomb Riley published a poem called "Little Orphant Annie," which was one of his many successes. Riley was one of the popular versifiers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (Eugene Field, Robert W. Service, and Edgar A. Guest were others), a type we don't have any more. Rod McKuen is a putrid serious poet; these earlier men were bards of the commonplace and were cherished widely by those for whom they were writing. Riley's dialect poems were homely, accessible, loved. Today they hardly have the status even of curios, but though nothing much more can be said for them, they are not insincere. One feels that "Little Orphant Annie," for instance, speaks comprehensibly to the culture out of which it comes. In that sense, it's rooted; it exists.

The same is true, to a considerable degree, of the comic strip. In 1924 Harold Gray, dropping Riley's dialect *t* in the second word of the title, started a strip called "Little Orphan Annie," which was a smash. Many of us grew up with Annie's circles-for-eyes as part of our earliest imagery, along with Sandy, her dog, who always clearly enunciated "Arf!" and with the cueball head of zillionaire Daddy Warbucks.

But the musical show of 1977 was not spontaneous growth, I thought: it was nostalgic exploitation. After five years it's still running on Broadway and elsewhere, so there can't be any argument about its reception. There *can* be some argument about whether it expresses what many people believe—as Riley and Gray did—or whether a wised-up generation is taking one of its favorite baths, in old-fashioned innocence. I never saw the show, but I've read chunks of the script, and I've heard the album more than once, and heard the hit song a lot more than that. "Tomorrow" and "Tomorrow" and "Tomorrow" crept in my petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded tune.

And now there's the film, rolling toward you like a huge, intractable, tears-and-smiles tank. The juggernaut will "git you ef you Don't Watch Out!"

I see no point in whacking the film for being unreal: musicals are not often meant to be otherwise. But I couldn't help regretting yet another proof that the ceremony of innocence is drowned. I think that Riley would have felt mocked. Genuine sentimentality has a certain self-respect; this film insults it.

Nobody needs to be told the story, set in 1933; nobody needs a comment on the child star. Along with the rest of the GNP of the last five years, we have produced many Annies, who have gone into and grown out of many companies of the show. This one was the right age at the right time. Carol Burnett, as the lecherous alcoholic who runs the orphanage, gives a performance that might have seemed stellar in a Victorian theater that burlesqued melodrama. Albert Finney, as Warbucks, gives the most bored, "nonpresent" performance since Christopher Plummer appeared in *The Sound of Music*. Arlene Phillips's choreography is stupefyingly unoriginal: a dancer leaps on to an armchair, steps on the back, and rides the falling chair to the floor; smiling maids bow in a line as the camera moves past them; and other zingers. John Huston, who directed, shows more ethical than aesthetic versatility in his work, which is a pastiche of musical films he remembers. In real terms it's more than forty-four years from the 1948 of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* to 1982 A. D. (Annie Domini).

One item puzzled me. When Daddy Warbucks takes Annie to the movies, buying out the entire eight o'clock show at the Radio City Music Hall, the film they see is Garbo's *Camille*. First, it's an anachronism: *Camille* was made in 1937. More important, I couldn't understand why he took a child to this story of a courtesan's life. Later I learned that Margaret Booth, supervising editor of *Annie*, had been the editor of *Camille*. Neat, but a bit gaudy.

Before curdling into a fixed belief that sincere popular art is no longer possible, let's hurry on to *Rocky III*. It's pure hoke, with equal emphasis on both words. It grows out of widely held contemporary beliefs and fantasies, and it subscribes to them with no hint of the cynical. I'm not exactly contending that the filmmakers were uninterested in money, but neither is Ingmar Bergman. He never made a film with more conviction than went into *Rocky III*. Which is why the hoke of *III* (to abbreviate) is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Amateur. Superior political thriller, with Christopher Plummer, Marthe Keller, and John Savage. A CIA man, but not a regular field operative, goes into Czechoslovakia for personal vengeance.

Diner. Engaging and funny, if occasionally contrived and always sexist. Six Baltimore youths, 1959, "hanging out" together on the edge of maturity.

Marianne and Juliane. Margarethe von Trotta's intelligent and beautiful third film is a personal-political poem about two German sisters in the 1970s. Grim but graceful and richly rewarding.

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both pure and entertaining.

Sylvester Stallone, as usual, wrote the script and stars; he also directed. Again, there's no need to sketch the story: I'll say only that, within the framework imposed by *I* and *II*, Stallone has worked out a couple of good twists. And series pictures reap the benefits of acquaintance—as in *Four Daughters* (1938), *Four Wives* (1940), and *Four Mothers* (1941)—because characters become part of a fantasy family.

Stallone as actor is better than he was at the start, but no more confident. He couldn't be: he was completely confident then. This is remarkable because he was unknown when he began, yet he had the air of screen sovereignty that, millions of box-office dollars later, he has earned. The nicest thing I know about Barbra Streisand was told me by a co-producer of her first show, Off-Broadway: he said that she was just as conceited then, when she was an unknown auditioner, as when she became a star. Stallone came on a star; and remains one.

But he's more. He's a good constructer of film fiction, and he has become a skilled director. He also picks good collaborators. Especially noteworthy is the sound editor, Frank Warner. With Warner's cagey orchestration of crowd reactions, with his own direction and performance, Stallone makes the boxing-ring sequences sheer excitement.

Book Note. It's essential to draw attention to each new edition of Limbacher. The seventh has just been published. Full title: *Feature Films on 8mm, 16mm, and Videotape*, compiled and edited by James L. Limbacher (R. R. Bowker: $65). This book, which has proved invaluable to many and which, in its new edition, has 481 large, double-columned pages, is an index to the catalogues of the distributors that rent features for nonprofessional use. Limbacher says there are sixty new distributors since the last edition, so his book saves a search through 235 separate catalogues to find a desired film. His new edition lists 3,000 more films since last time (total: 23,000), has the usual directory of distributors and appendix of titles arranged by director; this time he has added an appendix listing the titles of foreign films by nation.

Each entry gives about three lines of basic data, including running time and distributor's name. Further details are available from the distributor or his catalogue. If only it were humanly possible for Limbacher to indicate something you will not get from the distributor's catalogue—the condition of the print. These prints, of which I've seen hundreds, continue to be passable at best but usually poor. Color films are of course the worst. Film teachers, forced to use these prints, are often in the condition of literature teachers forced to use texts with blurry pages and with paragraphs occasionally snipped out.

Tinseltown will survive Gulf and Western.

Movies Forever!

By Billy Wilder

As you will soon find out, oratory is not my strong suit. On the plane out of L.A. I engaged one of the stewardesses in a lengthy conversation, until she interrupted me.

"You know who you remind me of?"

"Who?"

"Arnold Schwarzenegger."

"You mean the guy that's pumping iron? Is it the muscles?"

"No, it's your accent."

So for occasions like this, I always bring prepared material. Here it is. I found this in a fortune cookie in a Chinese restaurant—in Fresno yet. "It is better to be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt." A splendid piece of advice if I ever heard one. We picture makers more often than not make lousy speeches. As a matter of fact, we picture makers more often than not make lousy pictures.

Hollywood has changed a lot. Today, half the people you run into are on their way to China to set up a co-production deal, the other half are on their way to Cedars-Sinai for a quadruple bypass. As a matter of fact, the entire industry is in intensive care. So who do they call in to save the patient? Lawyers, agents, supermarket operators, soft drink distributors—those are the people who decide what picture gets made and what doesn't. They approach it very scientifically—computer projections, marketing research, audience profiles—and they always come up with the same answer. Get Richard Pryor—he's hot this week. The truth of course is that pictures are launched out of a gut feeling—and the prerequisite is that you have guts. Remember the old glory days when a handful of moguls were running Tinseltown? Oh, sure, they were tyrants, they were illiterate, there was extravagance and nepotism all over the place. But at least they knew the business and they cared deeply. Take Sam Goldwyn—there was the day when he announced that he wanted to make Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* into a movie. Somebody spoke up. "Mr. Goldwyn, do you realize *The Little Foxes* is a very caustic play?" "I don't care how much it costs," said Goldwyn. "Get it."

What then about our industry? Is it really dying? Not at all. I wouldn't worry. It has survived so much—the advent of sound and the advent of television and the Hays Office and 3-D glasses and Cinerama and Smell-o-rama—and it *will* survive inflation and insane interest rates and cable and satellites and Betamax and Atari and the Beverly Hills Diet. They can't kill it; it's too big, it's absolutely essential—like water or oxygen or sex. And I assure you that on the day the world ends, somebody will be out there shooting second unit.

As for myself, if I may, I have absolutely no intention of retiring. As far as I'm concerned, this here ball game is going into extra innings. And I'm ready. I played winter ball in the Dominican Republic, I changed my stance, I shortened my grip, and I got me some contact lenses. There are still a few hits left in me—maybe even a triple or a home run.

An evening like this is like a shot of adrenalin. And for this I am most grateful—so thank you indeed—you beautiful people out there in the dark.

Billy Wilder, who directed *Some Like It Hot*, *One Two Three*, and *Stalag 17*, among other movies, has written, produced, and directed his own films for over forty years. He delivered this speech recently at the Film Society of Lincoln Center at a ceremony honoring him for his contribution to film.

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Great Artistic Director Burnout

In the last few months, the crippled nonprofit theater movement in this country has sustained a new kind of injury—the burning out of its artistic leadership. Gordon Davidson of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles is taking an extended leave of absence in order to reconstitute himself by pursuing other directing opportunities; Marshall Mason, the guiding spirit of the Circle Repertory Theater since its inception, is leaving his company for many of the same reasons; Paul Widener, formerly of the Hartford Stage Company, is now a member of the Peace Corps in Africa; Jay Broad of the PAF Playhouse and Robert Moss of Playwrights Horizons in Queens both resigned from the theaters they founded, neither of which survived their departure; Ben Shaktman has just left the Pittsburgh Public Theater; and even the redoubtable, indomitable Joseph Papp has been hinting in recent interviews that film and television may hold more satisfactions for him than the stage. As for the remaining directors, an increasing number of them are spending more time away from their companies than with them, perhaps having concluded that absenteeism is preferable to resignation or leaves. Clearly, the job is losing its appeal. Some years ago, a panel of artistic directors asked the question: "Who will be our successors?" Today a more relevant question is: "Who would want to be?"

"Nine"
book by Arthur Kopit
music and lyrics by Maury Yeston

A member of this tired breed myself, I think I understand the reasons for the defections. The chief cause, I would guess, aside from fatigue, is the increasing financial pressure on nonprofit theaters caught in an economic squeeze play. The identity and integrity of the resident theater movement were originally guaranteed by subsidy—both public and private contributions, and the endorsement of the National Endowment for the Arts. Now that private subsidy has been drastically reduced and the government has withdrawn its moral support by threatening to cut the Endowment, the task of fundraising has become immensely more difficult, and fiscal concerns have begun to dominate artistic decisions. Instead of generating more money from individuals and corporations, as promised, the proposed Reagan cuts have actually discouraged private giving, with the result that nonprofit theaters are losing even their customary sources of support.

This squeeze has had two distinct effects on the artistic director. One is that more and more of his creative energies are being dissipated in the task of fundraising. By some estimates, as much as 80 percent of the artistic director's time is now devoted to priming the money pump—joining board meetings, holding benefits, participating in letter campaigns, writing grant proposals, entertaining wealthy prospects, visiting corporate headquarters, devising outreach and educational programs, speechmaking, and the like. Raising money has always been an important task of an artistic leader, and if the results are successful, it can even have its satisfactions. But today an enormous amount of time and spirit is being expended on cajoling nickels and dimes from reluctant donors, most of whom feel more responsibility to abandoned social causes than to the needy arts. Even so, I suspect, the prospect would be different if these difficulties and distractions helped to strengthen a visionary institution, one that brought dignity to the profession and challenges to the audience. But when most nonprofit theaters are valued less for their contributions to their own community than for their transfers to Broadway, the artistic director may begin to wonder why he is making personal sacrifices for the same ends that would bring him personal rewards in the commercial theater.

I am not going to start moaning again over the way the resident theater movement has shifted from being an artistic alternative to Broadway to another of its feeding grounds, especially when, except for a few holdouts, that process is almost completed. Nor can I quarrel with the notion that it is eminently desirable for plays that start life in the resident theaters to find a wider audience. It is certainly less humiliating for artistic units to make their money by earning it ("the old-fashioned way," as John Houseman calls it) than to wheedle and beg for it. But I also feel compelled to mention that there is a price exacted for changing the nature and purpose of the nonprofit theater, and part of that price is the departure of gifted personnel. When the media only publicize those theaters that move their product to New York, when critics cover only productions with the potential to be commercial hits, when foundations give grants only to companies for generating Broadway material, when the Tony Committee acknowledges only those institutions that create their share of Tony nominees, then the value system of the society begins to break down the resolve of the decentralized theater, and the membership reevaluates its commitment.

THE BURNOUT of so many artistic directors, then, is merely a symptom of a larger problem which, if it continues, is bound to affect the commercial theater as well. It is now becoming abundantly clear that the nonprofit arts movement in this country was a passing luxury of an affluent society, and that the current climate of recession and conservatism is effectively withering its growth and destroying its promise. If this movement had any lasting value for the commercial theater, it was as the equivalent of basic research, developing new techniques and new material out of the imperatives of its own nature. Like most business enterprises, however, the commercial theater is impatient with anything that fails to produce immediate results, with the consequence that the distance necessary between the detached researcher and the profit-making producer has begun to shrink. Soon it will disappear. When

COMING:
Gail Godwin on a West Virginia saga.

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Broadway constantly looks over the shoulders of resident theaters for the new hit play, the new young star, the new whiz director, then the whole idea of a permanent theater collective, developing plays, artists, and techniques for an indigenous community, begins to seem like a lost, foolhardy dream. So, by the way, does the idea of an altruistic culture, a selfless art, an alternative nonutilitarian America.

The new musical *"Nine"* at the 46th St. Theater is the work of some very talented people, organized toward a dubious goal. Nothing these days is safe from adaptation into a Broadway musical, but the notion of musicalizing Fellini's *8½* seems particularly lamebrained, until the curtain parts and you realize it just might work. For the opening scenes are spectacular. Lawrence Miller has designed a gleaming white tile set with five long windows opening onto a lovely view of Venice. Center stage sits Guido, played with casual charm by Raul Julia, who is soon joined by twenty-one women of varying shapes, nationalities, ages, and brassiere sizes, dressed in a variety of black creations devised by William Ivy Long. As a Bayreuth-style orchestra strikes up Maury Yeston's stirring music in the bright orchestrations of Jonathan Tunick, Guido conducts the women in a rousing, cacophonous overture.

It is the first of many showstoppers. Each of Guido's ladies—his suffering wife, his old mistress, his pneumatic girlfriend, his nagging producer, his first sex object—has her own number, and although most are irrelevant to the story, all are staged with dazzling energy and style. (Liliane Montevecchi's Folies Bergères turn with an endless feather boa is particularly irresistible.) The show's presiding genius is unquestionably Tommy Tune, the director, who brings such originality to the staging and precision to the casting that you barely notice when the lyrics grow banal ("Be Italian . . . you rapscallion") or the music derivative. The trouble is that even Tommy Tune cannot disguise the thinness of the material between the production numbers. Arthur Kopit loses interest in his book after establishing that Guido is a creature formed by sexual needs and career pressures, and his plotting is often sacrificed to camp effects—particularly a kitsch extravaganza rendering Guido's improvised film as a screamingly Baroque seven-

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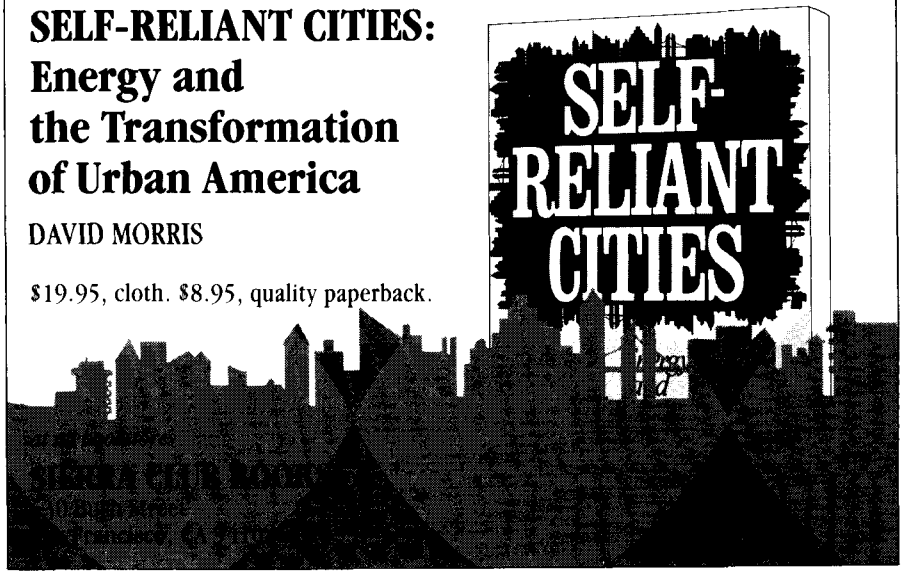

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teenth-century opera about Casanova.

The evening is not without its verbal as well as its physical pleasures, but the desultory plot is resolved in an artificially sentimental manner, with a swift, unmotivated reconciliation between Guido and his wife. There is much talent, even genius, at work in *Nine*; I found it vastly superior to the more extravagantly praised *Dreamgirls*. But it is a celebration less of substance than of technique. I fear that Kopit unwittingly built the most accurate estimate of this musical into his own dialogue: "Visually stunning but emotionally inane—if not dishonest."

THE LOWER DEPTHS

The Underclass
by Ken Auletta

(Random House, 348 pp., $17.50)

The war on poverty of the 1960s has become the war on the poor of the 1980s. That, of course, is a cliché, though no less true for that. The President of the cheapest welfare state in the industrialized world has taken food and job training away from the working poor while transferring tens of billions of dollars to the corporate rich. This is supposed to boost the U.S. productivity rate to a level competitive with Japan (whose government spends about 25 percent more of its GNP on social welfare and whose private corporations have much more extensive legal and traditional responsibilities in this area) and West Germany (where government spending on social programs is more than twice that of the United States). The next item on the agenda is likely to be an assault on the elderly, the recipients of about two-thirds of federal domestic spending. The programs of the 1960s and 1970s cut in half the number of poor people over sixty-five, and did so by quite successfully "throwing money at a problem." There may well be a reversal of this trend in the 1980s, as well as a rise in other kinds of poverty due to chronic unemployment and the technological revolution.

All of this is, or should be, familiar to the average newspaper reader. But there is a tendency to quantify outrages out of existence, to sweep them under a mathematical rug, intricately patterned with statistics. Poverty has been a marvelous area for statistical victories over problems that refuse to go away. As I reported in this journal more than five years ago (see "Hiding the Other America," TNR, February 26, 1977), the Congressional Budget Office had joined with a number of conservative scholars to "prove" that the United States had exaggerated the number of its poor. The poverty line, it was argued, was based on cash income; but there was considerable noncash, in-kind income provided to the poor—food stamps, school lunches, Medicaid. Therefore, if one computed the cash value of that in-kind income and added it to the resources of the poor, there was a dramatic drop in their numbers. One scholar, Martin Anderson (who later went to Reagan's White House), declared that poverty had been "virtually eliminated" in the United States.

There is some merit to the point about in-kind income; it *should* be counted in. But exactly how does one value it? A recent government study demonstrated that there are a number of ways of calculating the figure, which yield widely discordant results. About 40 percent of Medicaid funds goes to providing care for the impoverished elderly in nursing homes. Statistically, a lingering death could move a person into the middle class, as long as the protracted agony was expensive enough. Indeed, Reagan's own Council of Economic Advisers noted in its 1982 report that there is a difference between cash and income provided in goods and services by a bureaucracy. The experts are extremely sensitive to every last penny of undercounted income—and deaf, dumb, and blind when it comes to undercounted poor people.

There are, for instance, studies that show that the poverty "line" (determined for a family of four) is set too low. A 1980 analysis in New Jersey found that the poverty line in that state amounted to only 61 percent of the real cost of minimal essentials. In addition, the government figures overlook a growing sector of the American economy: sweatshop and farm workers without documents. With a vast inflow of Latin and Caribbean people, half of them in the fields, a quarter in light industry (the sweatshops of late capitalism), and all of them paid less than American workers, no one is quite sure how large this portion of the poverty population is. It tends, however, to be made up of young males. Thus, the trend toward the "feminization" of poverty noted in *The American Promise*, a 1981 report of the National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, would be partly offset if this underworld (probably about six million strong but sometimes estimated as high as twelve million) were to become part of the nation's statistics.

I HAVE GONE into this extended, and technical, discussion before turning to Ken Auletta's new book for a reason. The signal merit of *The Underclass* is that Auletta did something which no statistician in his right mind would ever do: he went out and talked to his subject matter. His reportorial portrait of the members of the underclass in a New York jobs program is personal, vivid, and irrefutable, as computer print-outs are not. Indeed, if there is a fault in the New York section of the book it is that it is too detailed, too oppressively specific; the briefer accounts of forays to Appalachia and Mississippi are, by contrast, more compelling. No matter. Anyone who reads Auletta's book knows that Martin Anderson, and all the others celebrating the "virtual elimination" of poverty, are utterly wrong. And to convey such a message in these mean-spirited times is a real achievement.

Auletta also attempts some basic definitions and a consideration of policy solutions. Although he sometimes stumbles in the conceptual minefield of poverty statistics, his heart is very much in the right place. An examination of some of his leading ideas, however, gives us the opportunity to appreciate the complexity of poverty in the United States.

To begin with, Auletta is not talking

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about the poor in general, but about the "underclass." This is not that large population which moves in and out of poverty, usually according to the rhythms of the unemployment statistics. The underclass, he says, experiences a kind of permanent poverty. It is nonwhite (70 percent) and youthful (about 70 percent under eighteen years old), and about half of its members live in the female-headed household which is the bastion of contemporary poverty. One woman described by Auletta is a dramatic, if extreme, case in point. She became pregnant for the first time when she was eleven years old and had triplets; at twelve, she had another set of triplets; at thirteen, twins. She was thirty-nine when Auletta met her and had either twenty-seven or twenty-nine children. In 1981 she and the children living with her received $456.35 from welfare every two weeks and $247 in food stamps. Her building is a hangout for addicts. The mailboxes have been ripped from the wall; the place was robbed five times in a year. In the woman's otherwise chaotic apartment, Auletta found one room as neat as a hotel room. It was where she went to think in private.

If that woman is an overly vivid example of a trend, the trend is enormously important. *The American Promise* documents a marked increase in families headed by a woman during the 1970s. At the end of that decade 13.2 percent of white families were in that category, with a poverty rate of 33.5 percent; 49 percent of black families were headed by a woman younger than twenty-five with children under eighteen, and their poverty rate was an incredible 58.8 percent. For Hispanics, the percentages are 24.1 percent of such families, with a poverty rate of 68.9 percent. These figures are much higher than in the past, but the pattern is not new. I found the very same phenomenon among Arkansas sharecroppers—white Anglo-Saxon Protestants all—in St. Louis in 1949.

Although Auletta does not explore the point, the notion of an "underclass" is not at all new. Practically all of the psychological and cultural problems described in this book were catalogued by Frederich Engels in his study of the English working class in the 1840s and in particular in his description of the Irish subproletariat with its "brutal mores," its drunkenness, and its degraded sexuality. Indeed, Engels's friend, Karl Marx, developed a theory of the underclass in Volume I of *Das Kapital*, which still holds up rather well today. At the very bottom of the working class, Marx wrote, there is a stratum of "vagabonds, criminals and prostitutes," recruited from the employables who are periodically thrown out of work by the business cycle, from the orphans, and from the demoralized and crippled. Marx thought that this population was politically available for right-wing adventurers, that it was the force that helped bring Napoleon III to power.

In 1880, a famous work of Christian reformism, Charles Loring Brace's *The Dangerous Classes of New York*, described a similar reality. The "dangerous classes," Brace wrote, were to be found particularly among the Irish and the Germans; the blacks (the "colored people") rarely fell victim to such depravity. In more recent years, there have been those who have celebrated, and romanticized, the virtues of the underclass. Frantz Fanon

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regarded it as the authentically revolutionary force in the third world; Herbert Marcuse, in *One Dimensional Man*, wrote that it was one of the few strata which had not been co-opted and corrupted by the semiaffluent society.

In his recent study, *Ethnic America*, Thomas Sowell argues the classical American view of poverty. It is a stage that each nationality goes through; history demonstrates that each emerged successfully in the past, so there is no need to bother about affirmative action in the present. Auletta, it seems to me, is also unsympathetic to affirmative action, but he raises a problem which Sowell ignores. What if this underclass is *now* becoming permanent? The English and Irish working classes of Manchester in the 1840s described by Engels transformed themselves, in considerable measure by prosecuting a class struggle that forced their "betters" to allow them to lead more human lives—but was that strictly a phenomenon of *early* capitalism?

A micro-electronic revolution is now beginning in the United States. *Business Week*, which might be a little too radical in this regard, thinks that "artificial intelligence" (new, sophisticated computers) linked with robots not only will drastically reduce manufacturing jobs but also will displace workers in the office and service sector. Under these circumstances—and with high birth rates in the ghetto as well as a related epidemic of teenage pregnancy—is Sowell's optimism justified? I think not. Indeed, the problems posed by this technological change will affect auto workers and even middle managers. It may even be that a growth of the underclass lies ahead.

That would be ominous, for the underclass is James Conant's "social dynamite" on a short fuse. As Auletta rightly emphasizes, it is both a problem for the middle-class conscience and a threat to its safety. It includes an estimated nine million people. Auletta breaks them into categories. Some are passive, long-term welfare recipients; some are hustlers, "who earn their livelihood in the underground economy"; some are what the Irish call basket cases; and some, today's dangerous classes, are violent street criminals. Auletta is sensitive to the plight of these people, but he does not romanticize them:

> Some people have behavioral, as well as income, problems; some prefer the streets, or the quick rewards from crime. Affirmative action may assist a GS 17, but not a black or Hispanic dropout without work experience, skills, or self-esteem. The poor can be 'victims' of poor values or uncaring or desperate parents, as well as of 'environmental neglect.'

Does that mean that this tragedy is an inevitability? Auletta followed a class run by the Manpower Development Research Corporation in New York in the fall of 1979. The students were members of the underclass; their autobiographies, recited by them as a part of their training, are a major part of this book. At the high point of the course there were twenty-six students in the class, of whom ten graduated after seven months. (One of the dropouts left to take a decent job.) Within a year after graduation, one of the graduates was a security force lieutenant commanding sixteen people, and had become a contact for MRDC's job placement program; another went through two jobs, dropped out because of personal problems, and was on unemployment.

Success or failure? Success, I say. All of this took place during a time of chronic high joblessness and a demoralization of the poor in general; things, of course, are now worse. If one were to add up the social costs of doing nothing—the crimes, the prison and police costs, welfare payments—and the personal costs (which also become social costs)—alcoholism, spouse abuse, teenage pregnancy, one result of a desperate search for love in a culture of despair—the money was well spent. But had the unemployment rate been going down, had going to work increasingly become a "normal" aspect of underclass life, I suspect that MRDC's efforts would have been even more effective. To gut such programs, as Reagan has done, and at a time of deep recession, is to light the fuse of social explosion. Perhaps the government cannot eliminate poverty, but its wanton neglect can cause despair, and, from despair, violence.

BY SHOWING in vivid detail how one program tried to bring members of the underclass into the labor market, Auletta performs a very great service. However, his reportorial methods are less effective when he gets into a discussion of policy. For instance, he approvingly quotes Bernard Gifford, formerly deputy chancellor of the New York City Board of Education and now at the University of Rochester, who argues that it was the government policies of the 1960s that undermined "family, church, neighborhood institutions."

That standard neoconservative theme ignores the fact that corporate flight, real estate speculation, and the social costs of private profit undermined family, church, and neighborhood. More often than not, as the late Richard Titmuss pointed out, the "welfare state" was a partial, inadequate response to the "diswelfare state" created by the private corporate economy.

LIBERATION

My mind is clouded,
I cannot hunt anymore.
I lay my gun over the tracks of the rabbit.

It was as though I became that creature
who could not decide
whether to flee or be still
and so was trapped in the pursuer's eyes—

And for the first time
I knew those eyes have to be blank
because it is impossible
to kill and question at the same time.

Then the tremor passed,
the rabbit went free; he flew
through the empty forest,

that part of me
that was the victim.
Only victims have a destiny.

And the hunter, who believed
whatever struggles
begs to be torn apart:

that part is paralyzed.

LOUISE GLÜCK

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Making a similar error, Auletta points out that many people think the government did too much for the poor in the 1960s, which is true enough, but he fails to note that those people are wrong. I have already noted that the U.S. has the cheapest welfare state in the advanced world (recent statistics on this point are assembled in Ira Magaziner's and Robert Reich's exceedingly useful book, *Minding America's Business*). So when Auletta supports those who think the government did too much by writing that the increase in federal entitlement benefits in fiscal year 1982 will be $50 billion, or almost half of the federal budget in 1962, he neglects to recognize that the nominal GNP has increased by six times since 1962. Nor does he acknowledge that each percentage of unemployment involves a net loss to Washington of about $30 billion and that one reason entitlements are up is that the economy is out of control.

Auletta also quotes Daniel Patrick Moynihan citing recent experiments that offer some evidence to suggest that a guaranteed income policy might help break up families. Moynihan, as I documented in *Decade of Decision*, had overreacted to partially reported data. Indeed, those same programs can be used to show the exact opposite of Moynihan's conclusions: although families supported at 90 percent of the poverty line by outright grants broke up more often than those which did not receive such grants, those which received amounts totaling 140 percent of the poverty line broke up at a lower rate. Therefore, it can be argued, the programs show that inadequate federal payments promote divorce but that adequate funds enhance marital stability.

Auletta divides the policy options for dealing with the underclass into two broad categories: the "wholesale" option of massive economic programs; the "retail" strategy of dealing with the psychological and cultural aspects of life in the underclass. He is critical of each approach as one-sided, which is quite right, but he seems to me to be harder on the "wholesalers." Yet he himself cites a marvelous instance of the relevance of the wholesaler's insistence on full employment. In September 1981, 26,200 people in Baltimore, some of them from the underclass, rushed to get job applications for seventy-five entry level positions in the Social Security Administration with salaries as low as $7,000 a year.

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If a miracle occurred—and its possibility depends on democratic planning and a radical reordering of priorities in America—and the unemployment rate fell to World War II levels (1 percent in 1944), that would not solve all of the problems of the poor and the underclass. There would still be the walking wounded, the people for whom welfare or hustling or crime has become a way of life. But the psychological and cultural problems would be enormously reduced, just as they were for the Irish in the slums of Manchester in the mid-nineteenth century, just as they were for blacks and women during World War II. We would then discover that a significant number of people now deemed "unemployable" would turn out to be quite employable. In saying this, I do not for a moment want to denigrate, much less oppose, the "retail" efforts, like the job program Auletta describes in such detail.

The fact of the matter is that the largest single problem faced by the poor today, whether in the underclass or not, is an economy out of control—which is the cause, not the effect, of entitlements out of control—and under the direction of an incompetent ideologue. The Democratic opposition is, in considerable measure, morally and intellectually bankrupt, hoping that Reagan's failure will serve to galvanize a Democratic majority and very hazy about how that majority will deal with the structural problems of the economy. Under these circumstances, poverty and the underclass will continue to grow in the foreseeable future. And however serious my analytical criticisms of Auletta are, he is on the side of the angels, for he has described an intolerable social reality rather than hiding it behind a statistical Potemkin village.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Michael Harrington heads the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, affiliated with the Socialist International. His latest book is *Decade of Decision* (Simon and Schuster).

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THE UNIVERSE OF MYTH

The Great Code: The Bible and Literature by Northrop Frye

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 320 pp., $14.95)

There have recently been published a number of books, all of them unusual and all in their way good, which approach the Bible not primarily as a religious work, or even as a collection of ancient books, but as a living literary presence, a still-important element in a secular culture. G. B. Caird, author of *The Language and Imagery of the Bible* (1980), happens to be an Oxford theologian, but here writes as an "amateur" in the study of such matters as the changing sense of words and the relation of literal to metaphorical senses. Robert Alter's *The Art of Biblical Narrative* (1981) uses techniques developed in modern narrative analysis to make us understand the rules and the skills of Old Testament storytellers. A different approach to the same body of material informs a study, just now being published, by the novelist Dan Jacobson.

None of these books is much like the others, and no one who knows anything about Northrop Frye, author of the fourth of these new-wave Bible studies, would suppose for a moment that he could be anything but himself, and wholly original. The publication of his *Anatomy of Criticism* in 1957 was a major event in the history of modern criticism; and although its influence has faded (it was always too idiosyncratic to be what the author and his disciples wanted it to be, the foundation text of a new scientific criticism), it did change the subject pretty completely. What is beyond doubt is the scope and force of the mind that produced *Anatomy*. It took on the whole of literature, and in hindsight it is possible to say that Frye always kept the Bible near the center of his interests, so that there would have to be a Bible book to serve as the other principal weight-bearing pillar of the entire large structure of his work. The advent of such a book has long been rumored, and now it has arrived, though what we have at present is only the first of two volumes.

The Great Code is in some ways a strange book, but the first thing that must be said about it is that it is a work of very great distinction. Since its subject is one that happens to interest me, it might be expected that I should add a tribute to its practical value, its usefulness to other (and inevitably lesser) literary critics or students of the Bible. I cannot do that, for it strikes me as beautifully deficient in all such respects; yet it is written with the full force of Frye's authority, and with all the old expressive power. At one point he makes a distinction between two kinds of simplicity: there is the simplicity of the Authorized Version of the Bible, "the simplicity of majesty, not of equality . . . the voice of authority"; and there is the other sort, which is displayed in good modern demotic prose, where the writer will be

> as simple as his subject matter allows him to be. . . . That is the simplicity of equal-

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ity, where the writer puts himself on a level with his reader, appeals to evidence and reason, and avoids the kind of obscurity that creates a barrier.

Frye's prose is a superb example of the latter kind of simplicity; he is perhaps too modest to add that such prose, steadily practiced by fine intelligences, generates its own kind of authority. *The Great Code* isn't exactly an easy read, but it is as easy as the material permits. The writing is transparent upon the argument; it is also witty and rich in felicitous illustrations. It would be absurd to wish it other than it is—for example, merely useful.

THE TITLE comes, appropriately, from Blake, the subject of Frye's notable first book and his master as system builder: "I must Create a System or be enslav'd by another Man's." Blake called the Bible, Old and New Testaments, "the Great Code of Art," and Frye's book may be read as a long meditation on this remark. He treats the Bible as a whole, arguing that however the separate parts may have been brought together, they have historically been treated as bound into one volume, as of a purport ultimately to be seen as unitary. So regarded, the Bible is a great myth. The importance of mythology in Frye may be gathered from this remark:

> Man lives, not directly or nakedly in nature like the animals, but within a mythological universe, a body of assumptions and beliefs developed from his existential concerns. Most of this is held unconsciously, which means that our imaginations may recognize elements of it, when presented in art or literature, without consciously understanding what it is that we recognize.

One function of criticism is to make us more aware of these inherited assumptions—of our mythological conditioning. As the Bible has played a very large part in forming that inheritance, there is an obvious duty to examine it with a view to bringing into consciousness that unconscious recognition. Frye has thus devised for himself a program that is manifestly post-Freudian and post-Jungian, though there is no direct indebtedness; nor is his concern with the social function of myth very obviously in the traditions of modern sociology and anthropology. He is doing his own thing with his usual ingenuity and power, and is enslaved by no other man's system.

By the same token he isn't doing anything that resembles professional biblical criticism, though I suppose he might allow that David Friedrich Strauss is among his remote ancestors. Readers familiar with Frye's passion for symmetries and his own sort of numerology will not be surprised to discover that his book is structured thus: Language I, Myth I, Metaphor I, Typology I, Typology II, Metaphor II, Myth II, Language II; nor that the Bible is found to have seven phases of revelation: Creation, Exodus, Law, Wisdom, Prophecy, Gospel, Apocalypse, five in the Old and two in the New Testament. Nor, of course, do the seven represent a simple sequence. Each phase is the *type* of the phase that follows it, and the antitype of the phase that precedes it; each provides a wider perspective on its predecessor. In much the same way it is argued that interpretations are the antitypes of the texts to which they are applied, as the texts are their types; so typology is the key to almost everything. Not surprisingly, Frye is able to say with confidence that he knows of no other book that covers the same ground as this one.

The language of the Bible is a complex topic. Christianity has always depended on translation—from Hebrew and Aramaic into Greek; Greek into Latin; Hebrew, Greek, and Latin into the vernaculars. Yet it remains clear that the sacred text uses several different sorts of language, and Frye specifies three main varieties, each belonging to a different cultural phase (this is his neo-Viconian aspect). He labels them hieroglyphic (poetry, aphorism, metaphor); hieratic (prose, dialectic, metonymy); and demotic or descriptive. An example of what happens to a hieroglyphic word in a later phase is Greek *pneuma* (Hebrew *ruach* creates similar problems). The Authorized Version says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is everyone that is born of the Spirit"; but the word for both "wind" and "spirit" is, in Greek, the same word, *pneuma*. The metaphorical compactness of the original is lost; later-phase translation separates the compacted senses. In modern English, automobile tires are "pneumatic," but we can still use the same word to mean "relating to spirit or spiritual existence" (*O.E.D.*) without danger of confusion (though we may remember that much of Swift's marvelous *jeu d'esprit*, *A Tale of a Tub*, turns upon the etymological identity of wind and spirit and on taking one for the other). In the same way, expressions like "the Word became

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flesh" depend upon a metaphorical use of language alien to later phases. Frye is intent upon restoring our response to such language (as he says poetry does)—for instance, by arguing for the metaphorical identity of Christ and the Bible in that both are the Word, *logos*. By recovering an ancient feeling for the "radically metaphoric," we may become conscious of "the presence of a numinous personality in the world." The Bible itself, as we have seen, refracts this numinous presence in three sorts of language, not all radically metaphorical. It isn't all poetry and it isn't all prose; in fact it is a mixture, labeled by Frye *kerygma* or "proclamation"—another technical term, this time from biblical criticism, which Frye endows with a new sense. He won't have the distinction originated by Rudolf Bultmann between myth and *kerygma*; naturally he is opposed to "demythologization" on principle. For him *kerygma* is the heart of biblical mythology.

IN TRYING to summarize Frye, one always makes him seem high-handed, arbitrary, so it is well to affirm that he doesn't give that impression at all. His "demotic" resounds with considered common sense. It is true that he wants his own myth and nobody else's, and that he can be pretty dismissive when he chooses. For example, he touches on the folktale element in Judges, but wants to avoid the notion that Samson, whose name resembles early Semitic words for "sun," is any kind of solar myth. True, he is powerful, burns crops, and is kept in a prison-house. But after all, we can say of Napoleon that here he reached the zenith of his fame, and there his fortunes were in eclipse, without making him a solar myth; we are simply speaking metaphorically. However, "Delilah" is probably connected with an early Semitic word for "night," and she cuts off Samson's hair and puts out his eyes; the parallel with Napoleon isn't close. The reason for such peremptory dismissals is that one doesn't want other people's awkward myths cluttering up the system. Frye's myth is larger, embracing the entire Bible. It has no more to do with solar myth than with historical fact. "If anything historically true is in the Bible it is there not because it is historically true but for different reasons"; and that applies to the New as much as to the Old Testament. Myths, and the whole Bible is one, "face inward to the concerns of the society," not outward on fact. Thus the Bible is, in a favorite word of Frye's, a "centripetal" work, as indeed his own book is. The question why some parts of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament, are very demotic or descriptive, wanting to sound like records of fact as well as bearing their load of typology, is one that is here touched upon but not really entered into. Yet as Auerbach long ago noticed, it is their extraordinary blend of what he called *figura* and *mimesis* that makes the Gospel narratives so distinctive, and enabled them to affect so decisively the later developments of realism.

TYPOLOGY, says Frye, is "a neglected subject." As a statement of simple fact, this is not true; but it is true that what others make of typology may strike him as rather trivial. It is at the heart of his book, and perhaps of his thought generally. His Bible, like his book, is a system of mirrors: "Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show," as Yeats has it.

> How do we know that the Gospel story is true? Because it confirms the prophecies of the Old Testament. But how do we know that the Old Testament prophecies are true? Because they are confirmed by the Gospel story. . . . The two testaments form a double mirror, each reflecting the other but neither the world outside.

No other book is quite like the Bible in this respect: it treats its own pages, its own past, as a body of potential types, any or all of which may be fulfilled, explained, made sense of, by later "events," as the thirty pieces of silver in Zechariah find their fulfillment in the price paid to Judas, and Jonah's sojourn in the fish in the entombment and resurrection of Jesus. With great boldness Frye argues that other books may aspire to this typological condition—the whole oeuvre of Plato, for instance; and in the history of Marxism the nineteenth-century prophecies of Marx and Engels are fulfilled by Lenin's organization of the Bolshevist revolution. But none matches the Bible. And indeed the power of the Bible over Frye's imagination really lies, I think, in its provision, between a single set of covers, of a model for the way in which, historically, the human imagination works to provide us with necessary shelters against history and reality. Type and antitype are, as we move into his later phases, replaced by notions of causality; but just as metaphor survives into the age of the demotic, so typology, though transformed, continues to work beneath the surface of the post-typological theologies. Indeed, those theologies are themselves the antitype of the biblical types, and they may be revolutionary in character, like the Reformation or like Marxism: for "revolution is the antitype of history as a whole."

The biblical phases mentioned above are themselves a series of types and antitypes with Apocalypse as the climax. Apocalypse is the typological summation of the whole series, but also a representation of "the way the world looks after the ego has disappeared"; that is, it reverses Freud's famous dictum, "Where Id is, Ego shall be," and is, obviously, its antitype. All the biblical stages, but especially Apocalypse, are subject to demonic parody of various sorts (Frye would probably agree with D. H. Lawrence that the Whore and the Woman Clothed with the Sun, in Revelation, are split off from the same original).

The skill and ingenuity with which these instances are marshaled into argument are beyond praise. They never interfere with the powerful overall design: the structure of the Bible is like that of comedy, U-shaped: "apostasy . . . followed by repentance, then by a rise through deliverance to a point more or less on the level from which the descent began." And this is not only the shape of the work as a whole; it recurs repeatedly in the accounts of the historical vicissitudes of Israel, in the separable tales, of Samson, for instance, or of Job; in the parables of the New Testament. The myth of the Bible covers the whole of time, but it also shapes every episode and reflects all our imaginative dealings with the world, our social constructions of reality. That is why the great preachers, meditating a single text, could meditate the whole, assuming it to be an inconceivably complex map of the human and spiritual worlds.

Frye is a critic, and thinks his job is to bring to consciousness such assumptions; so he is, in his measure, a skeptic. Yet the driving force of this amazing book is more mystical than skeptical. It is Frye's own antitype of the Bible; it ignores the improvisations of centuries of faith and doubt, and sets up its mirror before the Bible itself, as it really is or seems to be. Of course, every heresy has its history, and there are, as I've suggested, antecedents for Frye's. But that

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does not diminish one's opinion of his power and originality.

Having read this book three times (and despaired of giving an adequate account of it), I experienced a return of the sensations I had when reviewing *Anatomy* twenty-five years ago. I am certain that we have no living critic who can match Frye's intellectual scope and drive; indeed, he is in some ways more like the founder of a religion, a Swedenborg or a Marx, than a literary critic. Global systems of the kind he produces are hard to use, as the epigoni of the 1960s discovered; and although he is fascinated by rival systems—those of Dante, Blake, Yeats, Hegel—Frye is, of course, committed to his own. He can hardly have approved of what became of *Anatomy*—it was as if vandals broke pieces off the great monument to build their own hovels. Perhaps that will also be the fate of *The Great Code* and its successor. Or perhaps it will survive as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* has survived, not as a history of the Roman Empire but, translated from history to poetry, as "a classic of English literature, or at any rate of English cultural history"; or "as a Cimabue painting of the Crucifixion comes to be, in the course of time, more important as a picture than as an icon of the death of Christ." It remains to add that in a time when publishers—at any rate English publishers—tend to reserve for literary criticism their shoddiest paper, type, and binding, as well as their highest prices, Harcourt Brace has produced Frye's book very handsomely and at decent cost.

FRANK KERMODE

Frank Kermode, professor of English at King's College, Cambridge University, is author of *The Genesis of Secrecy: On the Interpretation of Narrative* (Harvard University Press), among other books.

WESSEXUAL POLITICS

Thomas Hardy: A Biography by Michael Millgate

(Random House, 637 pp., $25)

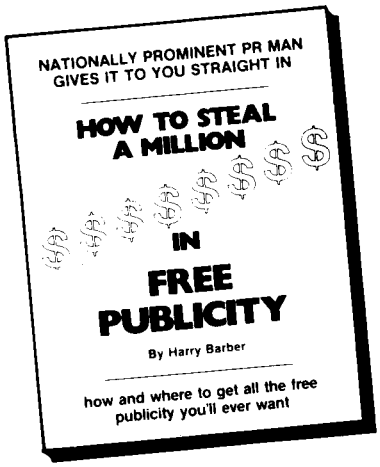
> Of all forms of sex-mania in fiction we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most unpleasant to be the Wessex-mania of Mr. Thomas Hardy.
>
> —*The World* (1897)

> They moved on, inevitably, to the politics of sex and talked, as they had many years before, of patriarchy which, Mary said, was the most powerful single principle of organization shaping institutions and individual lives. Colin argued, as he always did, that class dominance was more fundamental.
>
> —Ian McEwan,
> *The Comfort of Strangers* (1981)

The art of Thomas Hardy married sex and class, this marriage being sometimes characterized by friction. The criticism of Hardy sides now with one partner, now with the other, according to which of the dominances is currently dominating the public conscience. No critic has ever profoundly illuminated the two in their interrelation, which is to say that there has never been a Hardy critic of genius. "Wanted: good Hardy critic" was the advertising title (far from self-advertising) of a piece by Philip Larkin sixteen years ago.

A biographer of Hardy has some good fortune, in that he or she (a pity that there has been no indispensable she) may responsibly allow class pressures to have the initial dominance and patriarchal pressures to follow. For it is the politics of class which matter most in the first half of Hardy's life and the politics of sex which matter most in the second half. It is not just the exigencies of publishing that have fixed upon the two-decker as a natural form for a Hardy biography, from the one which Hardy compiled with his second wife, *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy 1840-1891* (1928) and *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy 1892-1928* (1930), through Robert Gitting's pair, *Young Thomas Hardy* (1975) and *The Older Hardy* (1978).

But is a biographer of Hardy still wanted after Gittings has done his work? Michael Millgate has even more data than Gittings (not least because of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Millgate's work in editing the letters). He has a greater density of documentation, treating in a businesslike way all of Hardy's business dealings as well as following the ins and outs of the plumbing at Max Gate. And he has much more equanimity. Each of these advantages has its potential drawback. Despite Hardy's wish to suppress or disguise the evidence, he was an incorrigible annalist, and a biographer can be too annally retentive. The high-level equanimity of Millgate is a gain and a loss in comparison with Gittings. A gain, in that *The Older Hardy* does in retrospect seem to be clenched and suspicious in comparison with the first volume. Gitting's attitudes had hardened; he might reply that it was not he but Hardy who had hardened, yet there is a great deal that is persuasively specific in Helen Gardner's recent defense of Hardy against Gittings in the appendix (on literary biography) to her four-square book, *In Defence of the Imagination*. Millgate prosecutes his enterprise no less indefatigably than Gittings, but he doesn't prosecute Hardy.

THOMAS HARDY BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The loss is then the expected one: in writing with less favor and disfavor, Millgate writes with less flavor and fervor. Given the clamped turbulence of so much in Hardy's life, this is an unsettlingly settled biography. It is a great tribute to Hardy's power beyond the grave, this resolutely unspeculative and respectful biography, as if Millgate honorably wished to set down nothing which he could not look Hardy in the eye while uttering. For, despite its humane candor about Hardy's love affairs, it is in some ways much more grave and discreet even than Hardy's own "biography," which Millgate sees as a weapon launched against the questioners who sit so sly, "a pre-emptive strike in the shape of an official biography." Millgate's own book has the monumental good sense of an official biography. Still, reticence and lack of sensationalism are very great virtues in a biography, especially of Hardy, upon whom, for instance, an illegitimate child was recently and illegitimately bestowed.

The scales of the mind, Hazlitt said, are pretty sure to remain even when there is nothing in them. So it must be stressed that in this biography, the scales are full and are held scrupulously even, whether the adjudication be of the rights and wrongs of Hardy's dealings with his family and theirs with him; or of the relations between his first wife Emma and that family; or of the relations between Emma and his second wife Florence; or between his wives and his other loves; or between his emotional and ritualistic commitment to church-going and his skeptical or cynical thinking; or between the firm handshake and the tight fist; or between the poetry and the novels.

Ingratitude is the vice of literary men, and even Hardy was afflicted with it, to such an extent that this revered and grand old man, this G.O.M. with the O.M., could growl so unappreciatively about his not being appreciated as to move his friend Gosse to say: "It is part of Mr. Hardy's genius, no doubt, to be sensitive, but I am vexed to find that he feels a pea under the seven mattresses of our admiration." But it is reviewers who are especially liable to be professional ingrates. Hardy said dryly of Leslie Stephen as a critic that his approval was disapproval minimized. Millgate's biography deserves a more positive approval than that. Not least because it does not attempt to pluck out the heart of Hardy's mystery, a man whose heart was plucked out, placed in a biscuit tin, and buried separately at Stinsford while the rest of him journeyed to Westminster Abbey.

"The longer I live," said Hardy,

> the more does Browning's character seem *the* literary puzzle of the 19th century. How could smug Christian optimism worthy of a dissenting grocer find a place inside a man who was so vast a seer & feeler when on neutral ground?

But the more-than-puzzle, the mystery, of Hardy's character is deepened, not dissolved, by each successive biography's intense scrutiny. How could a man who was so vast a seer and feeler when on neutral ground write as if optimism had a monopoly on smugness? Hardy later sketched the ground even less neutrally:

> Imagine you have to walk [a] chalk line drawn across an open down. Browning

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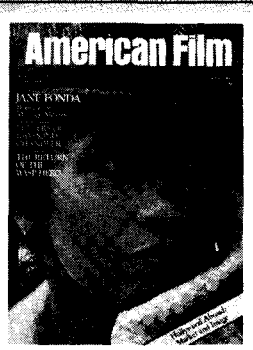

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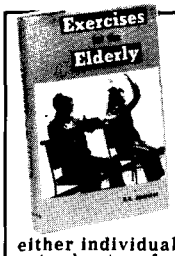

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walked it, knowing no more. But a yard to the left of the same line the down is cut by a vertical cliff five hundred feet deep. I know it is there, but walk the line just the same.

The idea is wonderfully vivid and deeply smug—smug not only in its claims for itself but in its claim that Browning saw nothing of the terrifying precipice and was simply walking down the line and "knowing no more." This is smug non-Christian pessimism, and it demeans the recurrent indispensability of Browning's poems to Hardy's sense of himself and of the world, especially as to men and women.

Life's little ironies and the satires of circumstance smolder throughout Hardy's long love life. There is Emma asking Florence if she did not think that Hardy looked very like Crippen, and Hardy subsequently asking Florence to stay permanently in half-mourning for Emma, despite Florence's knowing (and her knowing that Hardy knew that she knew) all the recriminations and divorcements of Emma's last years with Hardy. Fortunately this proposal about half-mourning prompted Florence to the very sane thought that there might be "something in the air of Max Gate that makes us all a little crazy." Then there is Eliza Nicholls, to whom Hardy had been for some years virtually engaged, being allowed to turn up at Max Gate, nearly fifty years later, on the death of Emma, full of hope that her time had come, only to be told by Hardy that he was going to marry Florence.

Above all, there is Hardy's lifelong glimpsing of women whom he could imagine—but that's not it—whom he could *not* imagine marrying. "The Woman I Met," "Faintheart in a Railway Train": these and many other poems, and such a novel as *The Well-Beloved*, attest to one of the most profound aspects of Hardy's imagination in its relation to experience: that though it is true, as Millgate says, that "Hardy's best work tends to have strong and specific roots in his own background and experience," the experience which most enduringly moved him was the experience of having missed certain experiences, especially certain loving and erotic ones. On his twenty-fifth birthday, he noted: "Walked about by moonlight in the evening. Wondered what woman, if any, I should be thinking about in five years' time." If any? At eighty, he was still the old susceptible. Emma, who became a fervid feminist, sensed the contrast between Hardy's art and his practice:

> His interest in the Suffrage Cause is nil, in spite of 'Tess,' & his opinion on the woman question not in her favour—He understands only the women he *invents*—the others not at all.

MEANWHILE, running always swiftly and darkly beneath all this, there is the current of an even deeper experience of Hardy's, the experience of childlessness, the greatest missed experience that there could ever be, the sharpest yet most mysterious sense of a might-have-been, since to glimpse another's baby is no parallel at all to glimpsing all those other women. Millgate shows great tact on this profoundly important matter of Hardy's childlessness, to which Hardy and his wives repeatedly returned and which has one of its sad memorials in the pets' cemetery at Max Gate.

Emma published an essay on cats: "Always give a cat free ingress and egress and attend to his voice, remembering that he has no language but a cry."

> So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry.
> —*In Memoriam*, LIV

Something cries out within Emma and Hardy against the fate that they were never to hear their infant crying in the night. It is almost too much when Hardy helps Emma to judge *The Tatler*'s competition for the three prettiest babies in Great Britain. In 1928, Hardy died. In 1940, with the death of his sister Kate, the line of the Bockhampton Hardys died.

Millgate can be a shade too generous, even when he thinks he is being stringent: "Virginia Woolf's characterization of Florence, though a little ungenerous in tone, was no doubt accurate enough in substance: 'She has the large sad lacklustre eyes of a childless woman. . . .' " Accurate as to the size of Florence's eyes, perhaps, but not accurate at all—indeed, characteristic of Virginia Woolf's violent impositions of an addled self—in speaking as if there were such a phenomenon as the large eyes of childless women. These aspects of Hardy's life, and especially of its suffering, ask for more poetry than is in Millgate; but he supplies, with careful clarity, the facts out of which poetry has been made, by Hardy and by others.

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There is the poetry of Hardy's amazing dream in 1923:

> I dreamt that I stood on a long ladder which was leaning against the edge of a loft. I was holding on by my right hand, & in my left I clutched an infant in blue & white, bound up in a bundle. My endeavour was to lift it over the edge of the loft to a place of safety. On the loft sat George Meredith, in his shirt sleeves, smoking; though his manner was rather that of Augustus John. The child was his, but he seemed indifferent to its fate, whether I should drop it or not. I said 'It has got heavier since I lifted it last.' He assented. By great exertion I got it above the edge, & deposited it on the floor of the loft: whereupon I awoke.

What he awoke to had its nightmarish side, as the poet of marital nightmares, Robert Lowell, brought out in "The Poet":

> His teeth splayed in a way he'd notice and pity
> in his closest enemies or friends.
> Youth held his eye; he blinked at passing beauties,
> birds of passage that could not close the gap.
> His wife was high-blooded, he counted on her living—
> she lived, past sixty, then lived on in him,
> and often when he plotted lines, she breathed
> her acrid sweetness past his imaginings.
> She was still a magnificent handle of a woman—
> did she have her lover as a novelist wished her?
> No—hating someone nearer, she found her voice—
> no wife so loved; though Hardy, home from cycling,
> was glad to climb unnoticed to his study
> by a circling outside staircase, his own design.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS

Christopher Ricks is professor of English at Christ's College, Cambridge University.

CRIMINALS AND VICTIMS

The Killing of Bonnie Garland by Willard Gaylin

(Simon and Schuster, 366 pp., $14.95)

Willard Gaylin is a New York psychoanalyst and the author of five previous books, among them a study of war resisters in prison. In *The Killing of Bonnie Garland* he records the murder of a Yale undergraduate by her lover. Bonnie was the daughter of a well-to-do Scarsdale lawyer, and Richard Herrin came from a poor Mexican-American family in Los Angeles. They met in the fall of 1974, when Bonnie was a freshman and Richard about to graduate. Three years later, as their romance seemed to be winding down, Richard bludgeoned Bonnie to death in her parents' home. He was subsequently convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the maximum term of eight and one-third years in prison.

Gaylin tells the story of Richard and Bonnie to illustrate a particular legal philosophy. It is not the legal philosophy one would expect from an adept of psychoanalysis, which has tended to agree with Madame de Staël that *"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner."* Gaylin wishes not to pardon but to indict. His book is concerned with the rights of victims and with society's need to protect itself from violence. It is thus very much in tune with the current national mood, even among liberals, who when they gather these days are more likely to talk of muggings and burglaries than to rehearse the traditional complaints about racial prejudice and economic injustice.

Gaylin could, of course, simply argue his position in the abstract, insisting that society can't afford to tolerate the murder of innocents. Had he done so, there would be no disagreeing with him except on principle. But he wants to command more than principled assent: he also wants to win our sympathy. To do so he must persuade us to think well of the victim and her parents, to resist any inclination to empathize with the killer, and to scorn the intellectual muddle of Richard's friends and the cynicism of his defenders.

Unfortunately, the particulars of the case work against his psychological purposes. I began Gaylin's book in easy agreement with its general point of view. Not only was Bonnie's killing unusually brutal, but she was subjected to the posthumous indignity of a second murder during the trial, when Richard's lawyer subtly impugned her character in order to exculpate his client. Her parents, I felt, were properly outraged by this turn of events, just as they were outraged by the sympathy that Richard inspired in the Yale community and among certain Roman Catholic groups. In other words, I looked forward to an exposition that would confound the

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feckless sentimentality of the killer's defenders and rouse one to a full appreciation of the injustices suffered by the victim and her family. Yet, as the story unfolded—through taped interviews with Richard and the other principals, through substantial excerpts from the trial record, and, most powerfully, through the reproduction of the correspondence between Richard and Bonnie—my original identification with the author's viewpoint began to deteriorate. The psychological effect of the story—on me, at least—was exactly opposite from what Gaylin intended.

HE IS particularly unsuccessful in generating sympathy for Bonnie and her family. Repeatedly he speaks of Bonnie's vivacity, her humor, and her rich promise. Yet little in the record suggests that she was anything more than ordinary. Needless to say, that doesn't render her killing less heinous, but it undermines the psychological response that Gaylin hopes to induce. With her parents, especially her father, the psychological approach works even less well. Gaylin would like us to feel the justice of Paul Garland's outrage, but one can feel it only in theory. Garland emerges in these pages as a hatefully vindictive man who hasn't even earned the right to his indignation. He seems to have enjoyed only a distant relationship with Bonnie when she was alive, and his attitude toward her lover was profoundly bigoted. In the years since her death he has been virtually consumed by revenge. The Christian Brothers who came to Richard's aid are "faggots," and anyone concerned with Richard's defense is a "conspirator." As one observer remarked, his bitterness may reflect his unconscious guilt for having tried to spoil the romance in the first place.

Gaylin is better at showing the venality of the court psychiatrists, who make a profession of selling their expertise to the highest bidder. In Richard's case their testimony resulted in the reduction of his conviction from murder to manslaughter. They achieved this by persuading the jury that Richard was suffering from a "transient situational reaction"—meaning that his behavior in killing Bonnie was so radically split off from his otherwise integral personality that one can't hold him fully responsible for it. Again, one would like to applaud Gaylin's withering denunciation of the psychiatrists. Yet Bonnie's killing veritably begs for some sort of psychiatric explanation, and, ironically, the explanation that Gaylin himself ultimately offers is indistinguishable from that offered by the chief psychiatrist for the defense, Dr. John Trainer.

TWO THINGS stand out about the killing: it occurred at an almost offhand moment, and it was done without emotion. Bonnie had just returned from a European choral tour, and although she had announced her intention to see other men, the relationship with Richard had not yet been terminated. Richard and Bonnie were sitting together on her bed watching Johnny Carson. Bonnie felt tired and went to sleep, but Richard got up and began reading an issue of *Sports Illustrated*. Suddenly, out of nowhere came the idea of murdering Bonnie and committing suicide. In the ensuing minutes he went about the house searching for a weapon. He returned with a hammer, struck Bonnie with it repeatedly, tried to strangle her when she continued to emit sounds, and then left the house and drove through the night looking for a way to kill himself. Afterward he would be able to recall the murder with remarkable precision, but he felt no emotion while he committed it and had no understanding of why he had done it.

Richard's psychiatrists argued that throughout his life he had repressed all feelings of anger. He did so originally for fear of losing the most important object in his world, his mother: to give vent to his feelings was to risk abandonment. His extreme attachment to Bonnie revived those fears and led to the same sorts of repressions. The killing, then, resulted from his unconscious anger at the prospect of Bonnie's abandoning him. Yet even at the moment of its expression that anger wasn't truly experienced, only acted upon.

As Gaylin implicitly concedes, this interpretation—which portrays Richard as a man whose terror of loss forced all potentially alienating emotions into his unconscious—at least begins to make sense of the crime. In particular, it renders intelligible one of the most striking things about Richard's relationship with Bonnie: his willingness to go to any length to keep her. Although he knew that she might be involved with other men, he was prepared to take her back without even a hint of recrimination. He worried that if she slept with someone else she would think his penis too small, but, again, he seems to have cared not at all about the invidious comparison itself (he confessed it to Gaylin with embarrassment) but only about the chance that it might cause Bonnie to leave him. His love, in other words, was desperate and abject. There were no confrontations, no reproaches. Instead, the murder broke with inexplicable suddenness on a relationship that until that moment had seemed almost courtly. Indeed, Richard's whole life had been governed by the strictest complaisance: all who knew him spoke of his modesty, tolerance, and good humor. Gaylin, of course, hopes that we won't be seduced by Richard's charms. But the extracts from the interviews and the letters leave an indelible impression of a winning young man in love far beyond his psychological means. Above all, they persuade one that the killing is incomprehensible in terms of our normal sense of psychic continuity. Hence they virtually compel us to adopt some sort of psychiatric understanding of his act, and, as we know from Madame de Staël, to understand is to forgive.

I HAVE lent some thought to the possibility that Gaylin simply chose badly when he tied his philosophic banner to this particular case. Perhaps he would have been more convincing had he decided to write about, say, Jack Abbott (Norman Mailer's protégé) or Dan White (the killer of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk). After all, someone who murders for love is bound to seem more sympathetic than the "hardened criminal" or the ideological bigot. But on further reflection I'm inclined to think Gaylin set himself an almost impossible task, and that the outcome would have been similar no matter what case he had examined. In effect he is swimming against one of the most powerful intellectual tides of our century, namely, our propensity to think of all human issues in psychological terms. The psychological sensibility of our age frustrates any reprobative principle of justice, which requires that one address the issue of criminality in terms of its categorical social and moral implications. The reprobative principle cannot tolerate extended reflection about the labyrinth of human emotions, and yet such reflection has become for us an unbreakable habit of mind.

PAUL ROBINSON

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TRB, *from page 6*

budget or the sober quotations on the broker's bulletin board on the value of securities. President Reagan recently charged that the "proponents of negativism" (the Democrats) are trying to "cancel the election of 1980." House Democratic leaders retort that he is giving too much away to the Pentagon, and to those in the middle- and upper-income brackets. There is nothing unusual in such a political row, and it is rather stimulating in some ways. But at a time of global economic uncertainty, who's in charge? Even the most conservative proposed budget at present suggests a $100-billion deficit, and some projections are twice that.

Uncertainty affects interest rates. In the nervous, touch-and-go mood in the nation today, I would guess that a calm resolution of America's budget and economic policies would bring the Fed's interest rates down substantially before long. I don't know what Reagan can say about this at Versailles, where everyone is appealing for American moderation. But last week in Washington I saw a remarkable thing. Five former U.S. Treasury Secretaries, plus a former Secretary of Commerce, held a joint bipartisan press conference (one of them speaking from London), all warning that the U.S. budget is out of control. The recession, warned one of them, may become a depression. The others, half of them Republicans, agreed. They want deeper budget slashes than either Reagan's budget or the Democrats' budget proposed.

Others at Versailles will endlessly tell Reagan that it's not an American problem—it's a world problem. And I would suggest that there is an added problem, a structural problem. As Lloyd Cutler wrote in the fall 1980 issue of *Foreign Affairs*: "We cannot fairly hold the President accountable for the success or failure of his overall program, because he lacks the Constitutional power to put that program into effect." That, perhaps, lets Reagan off too lightly. But others have said much the same thing. According to James MacGregor Burns of Williams College: "The greatest problem of America in modern times is the despair and disillusion of thoughtful people with the apparent incapacity to solve our problems under an antiquated governmental system, booby-trapped with vetoes, and a purposely designed self-limiting division of power."

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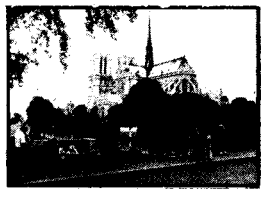

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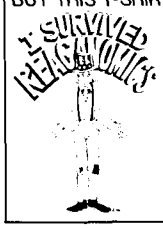

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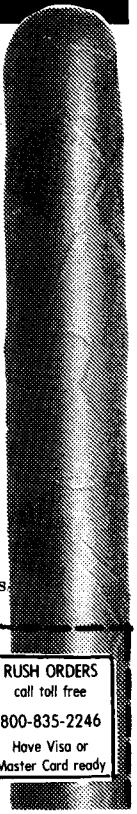

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Commitments

THE EROTIC ART BOOK SOCIETY proffers "books of quintessential elegance to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste." Among the books are "magnificently illustrated new editions of classics, imported objets d'art erotiques unknown to the American public, and works by the world's leading LIVING artists, writers and photographers." I don't suppose there is much to be gained in arguing that the club's director, "history's most discriminating publisher of erotic literature, Ralph Ginzburg," who had the great honor of being imprisoned for the cause when his "late, lamented art quarterly *Eros*" landed him in jail back in 1972, will erode decent values with dirty books. Although the ad for the book club boasts that these are "deluxe editions, not tawdry paperback," and that "you will want to display them on your coffee table," the books are shipped pretty much the way you would ship a tawdry paperback—"in a plain carton with only the handsome 'E.A.B.S.' monogram on it." Moreover, most of the titles sound as pedantic as *Eros in Antiquity: Orgiastic Art of Pompeii and Greece.* Superannuated satyrs do not constitute much of a threat to the social order. My quarrel with Ginzburg is not about the books he sells but the way he sells them. The Erotic Art Book Society, you see, is "unlike other book clubs in that it is a NO-OBLIGATION book club." Feel sated after a night of Anais Nin's *Delta of Venus*? No hard feelings. *Afterplay* make you cranky? No one will insist that you *Wake Up In Bed Together.* There is precious little continuity in modern life, but one would have thought that, at the very least, book clubs would provide some refuge of calm commitment. To be sure, it may cause some regret that a carefree tryst with the *Oxford English Dictionary* can land you a year's worth of Kissinger memoirs. But there's something morally correct about the Book-of-the-Month Club's policy of making us take the good with the bad. The B.O.M.C. is a marriage, not a one-night stand.

MARY CUNNINGHAM IS KNOWN to the readers of tabloids as that tramp who slept her way to the top of the Bendix Corporation, but I believe she's innocent. After reading *Parade* magazine's April 25 profile ("Mary Cunningham recounts for the first time the story that made headlines"), I'm more convinced than ever that Cunningham made it on merit, not as a femme fatale. Indeed, Cunningham is so relentlessly earnest that I believe her claim that she and Bendix chairman William Agee were just good friends until bad publicity brought them together. But even if she and Agee had been lovers before she resigned from Bendix, there would have been nothing shocking, or even unusual, about that. Lots of high-powered people sleep with each other; it's only natural that the propinquity of power, money, talent, and good grooming should sometimes add up to sexual attraction. The puzzling thing about Mary Cunningham is her professed motivation for wanting to climb the corporate ladder. Most people in her position would answer simply and honestly, "Because I want to make a lot of money." But if Cunningham were to admit to one form of cupidity, she would leave herself open to accusations that she also harbors the other. So she exalts her mission in the world. She is a martyr. The turning point in her struggle to return from self-imposed isolation from the press back into the business world occurred when she walked into St. Patrick's Cathedral. "There's a replica of the Pietà, and I looked at the face of the Virgin Mary, and I saw the incredible pain as she held her son, who had been through the ultimate injustice, the ultimate embarrassment. . . ." Need I go on? Also, she is some sort of Holden Caulfield antihero. This is conveyed in a Salingeresque ramble to which paraphrase could never do justice: "At the end of the second year at Harvard Business School, they asked us to write what we expected to be doing for the next thirty years. I saw myself with children—not my own children, but running an orphanage. My dream is to have a ranch for all these talented professionals who would like something more meaningful than going to the Bahamas for another two weeks, where I would also have adopted a significant amount of children. And I didn't at the time imagine myself being necessarily a mother or a married woman. I saw myself, frankly, as a nun of some sort. I have considered the prospect of working with men in a more celibate situation, where I'd be a nun and they'd be priests. Being a member of the Church is a little like being a member of a family—like being a member of that corporation." The only thing missing is the big field of rye. Note that Cunningham has added some themes of her own: surrogate motherhood, celibacy, the needs of "talented" people, the corporation as the primary social institution. The first two may be the real millstones our culture places around the necks of women who choose to do what men do. The other two bespeak a phony higher morality that puts the well-being of our corporate leaders above the rest of us. Pity Mary Cunningham for her need to play the sexless mother. But don't listen to her when she pretends that jet-set martyrdom, Bahama-bound loneliness, and churchlike corporate communality are anything but other names for privilege.

CONTROVERSY RAGES AT THE NEW REPUBLIC over what we should think about the latest newspaper scandal. On one side sits the Ecclesiastes camp, arguing that Ann Landers and, more recently, her twin sister, Abigail Van Buren, have confirmed that history is circular. On the other side sits the Genesis camp, consisting of forward-looking people like me who believe that history is linear. The nothing-new-under-the-sun group argues that there is something reassuring in the finite nature of human sorrows. According to this line of reasoning, people read advice columns in order to empathize with people very much like themselves. Recycling letters is thus simply a way to confirm that although the names may change (and not always as a result of the column writer's deception), the problems remain the same. I acknowledge that some problems are here to stay. But the reason *I* read Ann Landers is to seek out new forms of human sorrow. To me, the spectrum of human suffering is *infinite.* A good advice column, by illustrating the inexhaustible methods people have to make themselves and others unhappy, widens my selfish little world. This is the flip side of the liberal doctrine of the perfectability of man.

T. N.

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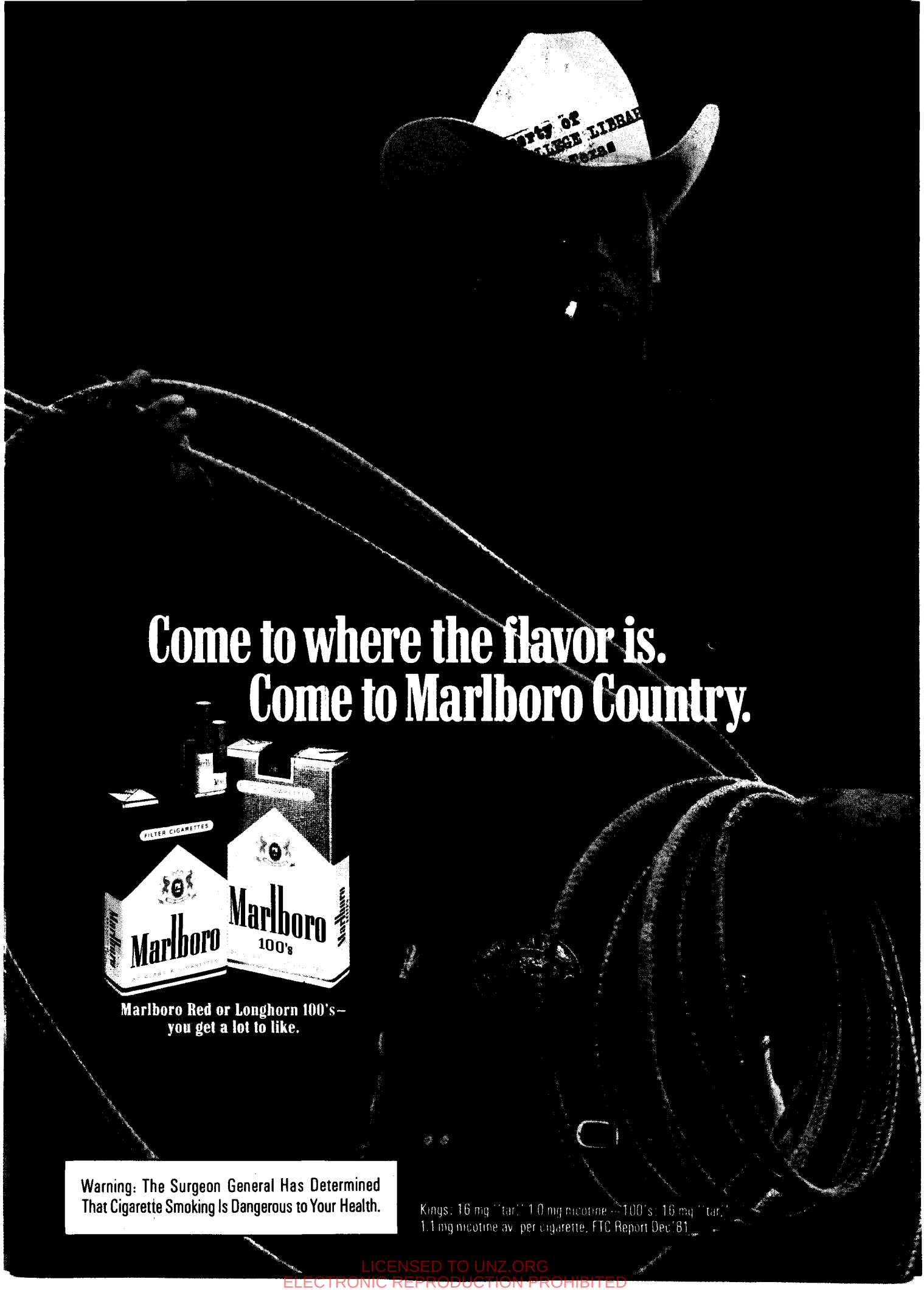
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